TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The hour being ripe, another gerrymander has been carried out by the Dominion Government. Gerrymanders are now becoming quite respectable and the word is losing its reproachful meaning, since, whenever a redistribution takes place, as required by the constitution, it is promptly pronounced a gerrymander, however fair and honest it may be. Soon a new word will need to be coined to signify the misuse of the redistributing power, for already the word has lost its old meaning unless preceded by "infamous" or "scandalous." It has been used hastily and unjustly, and will continue to be so used, and therefore in time it will be taken into the bosom of the language and allotted a respectable place and a respectable use. Other words have traveled the same path to a proud place in the dictionary. A reproachful word or term seldom retains its full meaning after the occasion of its coinage, for its use is followed by its abuse. For instance, the word "gerrymander" was created to express an infamous misuse of the redistributing power and therefore was very biting, but when for political effect the word was wrongfully applied, where the redistributing power was not seriously misused, the word came to mean something less heinous than before, and when the word is again used for political effect where the redistributing power has not been misused at all, it will come to mean exactly the same as "redistribution." It is interesting to watch the language growing in this way though to be sure its expressiveness does not increase with its multiplicity of words. By an over-free use of this term of reproach, it is ceasing to be a reproach. By calling a good piece of legislation infamous, you do not alter the nature of the legislation but you thoroughly change the meaning of the word you employ. If cows were to be henceforth called pigeons, they would not fly about and sit billing and cooing on the City Hall, but we would commence to milk pigeons and feed them on hay, and cut off their horns and pay fourteen cents a pound for their sirloins. Usually, if a man complains he has a cause and somebody asks him to name it, but if one is growling all the time he is ignored, for the growl of such a man does not designate a grievance. What I am driving at is this, that a word can be made to mean its opposite if applied to its opposite, and by screeching out against a gerrymander where nothing scandalous exists, then the word "gerrymander" ceases to mean anything scandalous.

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The Redistribution Bill brought down by Sir John Thompson was called a gerrymander before anything was known of its character, and therefore the Reformers, having wasted their powder before there was anything to shoot at, are now pointing dumb guns at an inviting piece of game. If confidence had been feigned in the honesty of the Ministry, if the Opposition had craftily professed to believe that the Government would not dare to add further to the iniquity of the last redistribution, it would have been in a position to create a decent rumpus now. While quietly waiting it could have prepared its guns, sorted its ammunition, taken good sight at the enemy, and then when the redistribution bill came down it could have let fly in one spontaneous outburst of surprised indignation that would have had considerable effect. People would have said: "This is too much, now, really—it was bad enough before without making it worse." Independent men would have spoken thus and felt thus without bothering to look into the merits of the new measure for themselves. But having read in the Reform press for months ahead how Sir John Thompson was preparing a new gerrymander, and knowing that a redistribution was required by law, they said: "Thompson is only carrying out a provision of the constitution in revising the constituencies, but these fellows are calling it a gerrymander already, and they will call it that and raise a howl no matter how fair it is." So they expected the present outcry and pay no heed to it. If a man knows that the fire bells will sound at nine o'clock of an evening to summon a fire drill, he merely looks at his watch when he hears the resonant clang and settles back in his chair again. In such a case there might be a real fire, but a thousand chances to one it is merely an alarm to exercise the horses. This is a fair comparison, I think, and anticipating an alarm the average man on hearing it at this appointed time concludes that it is merely intended to exercise the trained horses, the reels and the hook and ladder companies of the Reform party. Should there really prove to be a fire and not merely a smudge to practice squirting at, then it must be considered extremely unfortunate that a drill alarm was announced to be rung by the party at this particular moment.

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Some few will turn out to see the drill and thereby truly ascertain the cause of alarm. They will calmly examine the new measure before deciding whether it is just or unjust. Most of those who approach it in this spirit are likely to decide that the Government, considering its opportunities for doing evil, has resisted temptation fairly well. A Prime Minister abandoned to wickedness could have done infinitely worse. In Ontario two constituencies had to be wiped out, and it was a virtuous thing for the Government to choose a Conservative as well as a Reform riding for this sacrifice. The significance of that act cannot be whistled away, for it shows an element of fairness never seen in a gerrymander. To be sure in equalizing the representation on the Niagara peninsula and elsewhere, a careful eye was kept on Conservative interests. It would have been more angelic than human had it not been so, but wherever changes were made representation was equalized in that district. So much can be said for it, but many of us expected that Sir John Thompson would be more than fair and that he would restore some of the scrambled constituencies to a more presentable shape. One of the ridings of Bruce that stretches over one hundred miles along a rocky coast, dodging here and there around bays and through long tracts of bush in search of voters of the right persuasion, might have been reconstructed and so might many others. Many expected this, but Sir John Thompson, being a practical man, was content with doing his own work as rightly as possible without remedying inequalities created by a predecessor. He might have carried his work further and leveled up the representation in some of the counties east of Toronto, but he did not. The city is entitled to the additional member allowed it, and I can hardly see why some of the counties to the east were not squeezed together and still another member allowed to the city, making five in all, the same as Montreal.

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Of course those gentle dreamers who sit around in clothes that are unpaid for and insist that everybody shall do the injurious right thing always—a stiff and stilted morality that not only starves its devotee but lands him in jail at last—will now complain because the additional new member was not given to East instead of West Toronto. They will ask why this was not done and then emphatically answer by saying that it was because there is a far bigger Tory majority in the West. Very true; that is the sole and determining reason, and what then? If the Reformers had won the last election and were redistributing the constituencies now, does anyone mean to tell me that they would not consider party interests? Would they not take up the Grit stronghold of West Ontario, say, on the carving knife and butter the whole Tory landscape with it as far back as Peterboro'? It is not a gerrymander simply because the county lines have been over-ridden. Anyone who looks at the matter for a minute will see that it would be outrageously unfair to shape the constituencies according to the county lines instead of according to population. People forget this sometimes, or conceal their knowledge of it.

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"Where is Vercheres?" cried Laurier in tragic tones, and amputation is threatened for the daring hand that touched those counties in Quebec. The outrage seems to consist in the bald fact that these are Quebec counties. There lay thirteen ridings averaging about fifteen thousand of population, whereas the unit of population in the province was about twenty-three thousand. Up at Montreal and Hochelaga were ridings with populations from thirty to eighty-six thousand. What more just than that these thinly peopled ridings should be re-arranged, their representation reduced and the extra members given to Montreal and Hochelaga, where, even after the change, the population per member remains almost double what it is in the counties. The Government, in looking around for constituencies to wipe out, made away with those containing the smallest population. It transpires that they were Reform. There is nothing surprising in this. It is a penalty that must be paid for the fun of booming Dakota and encouraging emigration thereto. If the census gave the Liberals an argument, it also gave them an answer to it. So long as Sir Richard Cartwright inculcates the principle that the first duty of the patriot is to emigrate, there need be no surprise when it is learned that Reform counties have so dwindled in population that it requires two ridings to support a representative.

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This redistribution, gerrymander, or what you will, might have been better and might have been worse. Considering the opportunities, it was much more likely to have been worse than better. As the Reform leaders of late years have shown a readiness to pay any price for a good argument and to travel any distance to suffer an outrage, I should not wonder if they are secretly sorry that the gerrymander is not more unjust. Nevertheless, the Reform contention that the redistributing power should be confided to a judicial commission, is sound. Further, the members of that commission should become such by virtue of their occupancy of certain judicial stations so that the dominant party for the time being could not be unfair in the selection of judges nor bring sinister influences to bear upon them after selection. This will come to pass in the course of time and when injustice has grown ripe to rottenness.

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In England the newspapers are severely criticizing the late W. H. Smith because in bequeathing his large fortune not a shilling was left to charity. During his life-time Mr. Smith was conspicuously generous in his donations to hospitals and orphanages and never missed one of the thousand quiet opportunities afforded men in his sphere to aid individuals and families in need. He had the open hand and the silent tongue. Such being the case, the telegrams announcing his death seemed almost negotiable paper in the hands of the various charitable institutions with which he had generously dealt during life. It was natural that this expectancy should arise on the occasion of such a death, when we consider that the worst old money-grubbers who all their days grind a deepening path over the upturned faces of the poor at last are generous and found hospitals and endow missions in their wills. They think to strike a bargain with Heaven ere they die; they think to justify themselves by giving harity a percentage of their unjust profits Such men leave ten thousand dollars to assist the poor and are lauded for it and advertised as models of philanthropy, whereas ten million would not efface the heel-marks they have left on the weary head of surviving humanity. Back, back all along their path stands Beggary rebuffed and mocked at; stands Helplessness deprived of succor; stands Confidence betrayed and Friendship turned to false account. What bequest in cash could smooth away such finished work as this? Between a man of this sort and Mr. Smith I think there is no comparison. The man who clutches everything he can carry and greedily carries it until it falls from his nerveless arms, is no philanthropist and knows nothing of generosity. But the man who gives freely in the day of his robust health and gives during all his life, could surely of all men be pardoned for passing on to his heirs his property in bulk, accompanied by his generous example.

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When the question of binder twine was before the House of Commons last week, the official organ of the Conservative Government flippantly referred to it as a small question, about the right size, however, to engross the Grit mind very much. Now the official organ of a party cannot afford to play so saucy a tune in mockery of the sixty thousand farmers who petitioned for a reduction of what they, rightly or wrongly, consider an excessive tariff. It

A VENETIAN FETE.

may be called a small matter if one looks only at the six thousand dollars of revenue derived from it by the State, but it is not a small matter when one looks at the four hundred thousand dollars and more paid, because of the tariff, by those using binder twine. The American tariff is seven-tenths of a cent and ours is three-and-a-half cents per pound, and the result is that while twine costs eleven cents across the line our farmers have to pay fourteen. Of course farmers must contribute their share to the public revenues, but in this matter, roundly speaking, out of every seventy-one dollars paid only one goes to the revenue. Where do the rest go and why are they taken from the farmer? Merchants can buy that fine white cotton twine used for tying parcels at twenty-two cents per pound, but the agriculturist must pay fourteen cents for heavy, coarse manilla twine that weighs like wet sugar. It is not square and when sixty thousand farmers petition Parliament to make it square, it is in ill taste for the party organ to try to play a funny tune for them to march home by.

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There never will come a remedy until the farmers—no, I will not say that for it is untrue. If every member of Parliament was a farmer save one, and he a lawyer, that one would be Premier, and Minister of Public Works and Minister of Railways and Canals and Minister of Finance, and he would dominate all the other departments and agricultural interests would be ignored as systematically as now. And if the lawyer should die from high living and a farmer succeed him, he would immediately sell his farm to a salt or coal company at a fabulous price, increase the duty on salt or coal, and become as big a learned law doctor as the best of them before the first session was over. Yes, and as fast as farmers could mount to the seat of authority they would betray agriculture anew to the rapacity of the shrewd, hidden manipulators who discredit the whole principle of protection by prostituting it to the greed of a few individuals. Look at the picture of that House as it voted on the binder twine question! Did not the farmers present play Judas to their neighbors? They do so always, and every time they repeat the performance some new devilment is conceived against the class they misrepresent. When the lumber interests are imperiled the two or three members who are specially concerned take such a resolute stand that the views of lumbermen throughout the country are met. It is the same with millers, stove-men, every interest save agriculture. When a capitalist goes to Ottawa he does not forget his capital and the industry in which it is invested; but a farmer forgets his farm. He feels himself a party pillar, a statesman; he acts with the obedience of a tool and equanimity of an ass. It is time someone expressed what all feel as regards the suicidal docility of agricultural members of Parliament.

MACK.

Social and Personal.

A pretty wedding took place in the Church of the Ascension last Wednesday morning at eleven o'clock, when Mr. George Ernest Macrae and Miss Catherine Ada Wade were married. The Rev. H. Grassett Baldwin officiated. Miss Wade wore a rich-looking bridal gown of white *faille*, made very plainly, and a tulle veil with orange wreath. She carried a loose cluster of lovely white roses. Her bridesmaids, Miss Clara Osler and Miss Eva J. Macrae, were gowned in cream-white striped *crepon*, with floating ribbon girdles. They wore very dainty hats trimmed with pink roses and high sunset bows of cream satin ribbon on the side. A tiny girl, white silk frock and *chiffon* hat and bouquet of daisies, Miss Norma Armstrong, and her attendant cavalier, Master Tom Wade, in a white sailor suit completed the list of the bride's attendants. The ushers were Messrs. W. Fleury, Evelyn and Norman Macrae. Mr. James T. Craig acted as best man. Some very handsome costumes were worn by the guests: Mrs. Wade, the bride's mother, wore a golden-brown silk, with a lovely white wrap lined with salmon, and a salmon and brown bonnet; Mrs. J. B. Hall wore black and gold; Mrs. Herbert Macrae, a delicate gray gown and shirred gray hat; I noticed a lovely gray hat with full blown pink roses, and a pretty brown toque with a wreath of cunning little cream ostrich tips about it; Mrs. Baldwin's *petite* figure was gowned in French gray, with a soft boa, and a very pretty white waistcoat. Mr. and Mrs. Macrae left on the noon train. I am told that they will not take up house until the fall, but intend residing on the Island for the summer. Mr. Doward played the Swedish Wedding March before the ceremony and the Mendelssohn Wedding March, as the very happy-looking young people came to their carriages, in his usual finished style.

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The invitation concert given by the Choral Club under the direction of Miss Hillary was largely attended, and proved an artistic and musical success. The artistic part was supplied by the beautifully arranged and flower-circled stage and a group of the prettiest girls in Toronto, and quite repaid the visitors for their attendance. The musical part I must leave to the tender handling of Metronome, but I should like to send one little *bravo* after Dinah Doe, such a tripping fascinating little darkie song, and so sweetly sung. Among the well pleased audience I remarked: Rev. Septimus, Mrs. and Miss Jones, Mrs. Dickson, Miss MacMahon, the Misses Way, Mrs. Arthur Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Beau Jarvis, Mrs. Beard, Mr. Wynder Strathy, Mr. Alfred Jones, Mrs. Muloch, Mrs. B. Morton, Dr. and Mrs. Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Davies, Prof., Mrs. and Miss Hirschfelder, Mr. Charles Hirschfelder, Miss Pope, Mr. Laidlaw, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Kertland, Mrs. H. P. D. Armstrong, Mrs. Schuch, Miss Stark and scores of other music-lovers. Rev. Street Macklem announced that the concert would be repeated on the last day of May for the benefit of the St. John's Hospital.

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Dr. and Mrs. Charles W. F. Lennox have returned from their wedding tour and taken up house at 305 Crawford street. Mrs. Lennox will be at home all next week.

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Victoria Chambers, St. Catharines, was the scene of a very brilliant and successful affair last Thursday evening. The beautiful hall, was tastefully decorated with palms, smilax, etc. Dancing was kept up until three o'clock, and the music furnished by Kuhn's orchestra of the Buffalo was all that could be desired. The lady patronesses were: Mesdames H. G. Hunt, T. L. Helliwell, Larkin, Mack, W. H. McClive, J. Murray, J. C. Rykert and E. J. Senkler. The success of the evening was due to the perfect management of the following committee: Messrs. W. G. Ramage, E. N. Bate, H. Y. Compton, E. H. Fuller, J. G. Moore, P. A. McCallum, G. S. Macdonald, P. J. Price and D. M. Sanson. Among those of the invited guests were: Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Cross, Mr. and Mrs. Bixby, Mrs. D. C. Haynes, Mr. and Mrs. W. Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Woodruff, Miss Wallis of Toronto, Mrs. G. M. Neelon, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Neelon, Mrs. and the Misses Mack, Mrs. T. L. Helliwell, Miss Spotton of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. C. Norris, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Helliwell, Sheriff, Mrs. and the Misses Dawson, Mrs. and Miss St. John, Mr. and Mrs. G. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Groves, Mrs. Bosworth of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Hessin, Mr. and Mrs. F. Macdonald, Dr., Mrs. and Miss King, Mr. and Mrs. Bligh, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ingersoll, Capt. Mrs. and the Misses Larkin, Capt. and Mrs. S. Neelon, the Misses Nelles, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Rykert, Miss Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. A. Woodruff, Miss Maggie Ross of Toronto, Mr. and the Misses Bate, Miss Baxter of Cayuga, Miss Hamilton of Hamilton, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hunt, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Jukes, Miss Mabel Birchall of Toronto, Judge and Mrs. Senkler, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Carlisle, Messrs. Cromble, Collier, Reynolds, Helliwell, Wemyss, Boyle, Chatterton, Woodruff, Burson, Read, Peterson, Coy, Parker, A. W. Moore, McClean, Steen, Hostetter, Macgregor, Burkholder of Toronto, King, Dawson, Shaw, Carlisle, White and Hood of Woodstock, and others. Some of the most striking costumes were: Mrs. Larkin, black and mauve; Mrs. Mack, black lace over striped silk; Mrs. Coy, black lace; Mrs. Clench, black velvet; Mrs. Hunt, white silk and violet velvet; Mrs. W. S. Benson, black and white moire; Mrs. J. T. Groves, black and pink; Mrs. Bosworth of Toronto, black and gold; Mrs. Jukes, pale green and lace; Miss Birchall, white lace; Mrs. E. Neelon, old rose satin and embroidered *chiffon*; Miss Larkin, pale green; Miss A. Larkin, white embroidered silk; Miss L. Larkin, heliotrope and yellow; Miss E. Bate, pale green and white lace; Miss Hunt, pale pink; Miss Mack, white lace over white silk, crystal girdle; Miss C. Mack, white and gold; Miss E. Spotton of Toronto, Nile green silk and pearl ornaments; Miss Atkinson, white silk; Miss Baxter, yellow surah; Miss Keefer of Thorold, black lace over pink; Miss Lindsay, white lace; Miss Ross of Toronto, white china silk; Miss Eccles, pink silk; Miss Neelon, yellow silk; Miss May, blue brocade; Miss Fenton, white net and green trimmings; Miss J. Fenton, white embroidered silk; Miss Gillard of Hamilton, black lace; Miss Coy, black with mauve ribbons; Miss Maguire, black and yellow. Special mention must be made of the *debutante*, Miss Helen Merritt, who looked most charming in white satin and lace.

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The gentlemen of Newmarket are to be heartily congratulated upon the great success of the assembly given by them in the Town Hall on the evening of April 27. The hall was magnificently decorated and separate platforms erected for the reception committee and orchestra. Sumptuous refreshments, prepared by the ladies of the town, were served by waiters from Webb's and Gilonna's orchestra of eight pieces from the city supplied the music, which was excellent. About two hundred and twenty-five guests responded to the invitations, Toronto, Aurora and Bradford being well represented. Many of the gentlemen wore in military uniform, while the ladies were elegantly attired. I noticed among many pretty costumes: Mrs. J. A. Bastedo, heliotrope satin; Mrs. Dr. Campbell, black lace and pale blue flowers; Mrs. H. Fleury, pink satin; Miss York, black lace; Mrs. Fred Hoag, crushed strawberry; Mrs. (Dr.) Rogers, black silk and lace; Miss Watson, cream and pink flowers; Mrs. C. G. Ross, pale green and black lace; Miss Hartman, cream; Miss Olive Benley, black lace; Mrs. (Dr.) Stuart, pale blue; Miss Bastedo, silver gray, pink *chiffon* trimmings; Miss Playter, white and pink flowers; Miss Effie Michie, pale blue; Miss Susie Graham, pink; Miss Ronan, black silk and yellow roses; Mrs. Pringle, cream; Miss Ratcliffe, pale blue and red carnations; Miss Forsyth, cream; Mrs. Will Brunton, white silk; Miss Binns, Nile green, red carnations; Miss Lea, cream and red flowers; Mrs. T. H. Brunton, black lace. Among the familiar faces from the city I remarked: Messrs. F. Roche, C. Michie, U. Lee, B. Greenwood, G. Bastedo, R. Bremner and A. McLean. A special train left Newmarket at 3.30 a.m. for the accommodation of the city guests.

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Mr. Harry Fletcher, who returned from California some time ago, attains his majority on Wednesday next. He has sent out cards for an At Home at the residence of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Fletcher, 55 Wellesley street, and the handsome parlors will doubtless be filled with congratulating guests, for Harry is one of the best liked of our nice Toronto boys.

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A very original and pretty entertainment has been in progress this week at St. Stephen's school-house, called The Feast of Days. Booths, refreshments and music called me three ways at once, but I managed to master the fact that the executive committee consisted of Mrs. Skae, Mrs. Hard, Miss Canavan, Miss Roger, Miss Graham and Rev. J. S. Broughall, and that they had done their work charmingly. Lady Gay wants to describe the feast next week, so I must say no more.

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Mr. Henry Cawthra and family have left for a summer tour on the continent. This genial host and his amiable wife will be much missed from social circles, but will return before the opening of next winter's festivities.

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Mrs. E. Rutherford of Jarvis street gave an enjoyable tea on Saturday. Those present were: Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Walter Dickson, Mrs. W. Ince, Mrs. T. Brough, Mrs. Skae, Mrs. H. Greene, Mrs. McCulloch, Mrs. Percy Rutherford, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Bristol, the Misses McMicking, Pope, Lockhart, Arthurs, Hazel, M. Parsons, F. Smith, Skae and Elsie Armour, Col. Grassett, Major Harrison, Messrs. O. Howland, Hodgins, G. VanKoughnet, Stanton, Ross, Pipon, J. Morrow, McMurray and W. Ince.

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The Brewster Lake Fishing Club had their first outing last week at their preserve near Fiesherton. Those who enjoyed the camp life and fishing were: Messrs. Leo. A. Lash, Q.C., J. E. Kemp, B. E. Walker, J. Short McMaster, E R. C. Clarkson, F. J. Stewart, W. C. Mathews, D. E. Thomson of Toronto, and Mr. Robertson of Shelburne. The trouting was fairly good, though the weather was co'd. The "other" sport was excellent.

Two of the guests set out to run a race,
"Good-bye, Susannah, good-bye,"
One of them was so stout he lost his pace,
"Good-bye, my lover, good-bye."

The poetry was less noticeable for excellence than the leap frog, but it is said that the B. L. F. C. had a jolly good time.

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Mrs. Lockhart gave a charming tea in honor of Miss Ashworth on Monday last.

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Mrs. Montizambert gave a lovely tea one day lately at which a number of very pretty ladies were seen.

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Mrs. Percy Strickland of Lakefield is visiting her sons at 212 McCaul street.

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The Misses Morphy gave a most enjoyable tea on Friday of last week.

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Those six pretty little maids who held a bazaar in the schoolroom of the Jewish Synagogue, were: Misses Gussie Streamer, Minnie Kallmeyer, Rhoda Block, Ettie Rosenbaum, Fannie Fogler, Viola Weil and Gracie Ansell. They had a grand success and gathered in a goodly sum for the Jewish poor of the city.

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Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne of Brantford has come to Toronto for a prolonged stay. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne have taken a suite of rooms at the Queen's Hotel.

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On Tuesday of last week Mrs. Morgan of Dovercourt road gave a small afternoon tea.

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Professor and Mrs. Clark gave a musicale on Tuesday evening of last week in honor of Professor Lott of London, England, who had been lecturing on music at Trinity College. Among the guests were: Professor and Mrs. Symonds, Mrs. and Miss Featherstonhaugh, Professor Bigly, Professor Huntingdon, Miss Strachan, Professor Jones, Dr. and Mrs. Ellis, Miss Palmer, and Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Donaldson.

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Prof. Symonds is leaving Toronto, having taken St. Luke's parish, Peterboro'.

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The French Club had a very pleasant evening at 22 Wellington place last Saturday. They were the guests of Madame Chopitea.

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A very enjoyable dance for young people was given by Miss Lizzie Devlin of Markham street. Among those present were: The Misses Burns, Peteman, Foley, Stuart, Hume, and Messrs. Stuart, Chase, Peteman, Aylwood, Burns and Kennedy.

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Miss Anna Hamilton of Glen Lodge, Rosedale, has been spending her Easter holidays with her aunt, Mrs. (Justice) Patterson, at Ottawa.

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Miss Annie Merrill, daughter of Judge Merrill, Picton, is in the city taking a course of violin lessons.

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The sixth of a series of concerts arranged by that kind and energetic woman, Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, for the amusement of the invalids in the Home for Incurables, came off last Tuesday evening. An excellent programme was prepared. Among those who took part were: Mesdames Petley, Holland and Sutherland, Misses Cotswold, Mathews, Petley and Bain, and Messrs. Max McCord, E. Field, W. F. Stewart, George Darby, jr., Hall and Park. Captain Mercer took the chair.

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A very pleasant At Home was given by Mrs. George J. Mason of Harr Hall, Wellington street, last Tuesday evening. This At Home took the form of a *soiree dansante*, and was much enjoyed by a large number of guests.

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Another pretty wedding took place on Thursday evening of last week in the Church of the Redeemer, when the Rev. J. Arthur Shaw of Cobden and Miss Janet Thomson were married. Miss Thomson wore a handsome bridal gown of white bengaline with the orthodox veil and orange blossoms and bouquet of roses. Miss Mary Thomson, her sister, and Miss Carrie Shaw of Ottawa were her bridesmaids. Rev. J. Lewis of the diocese of Ontario was best man, and Mr. James Thomson was bride's usher. The wedding breakfast was held at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Thomson of Boswell avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw left on the eastern train for a wedding tour.

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The clever amateur performances of the past ten days have given us all cause to be proud of our friends and fellow citizens. Bootles' Babies and their well wishers and protectors reaped great harvest of applause. Everyone who was anyone went to see them, and no one was dissatisfied. The ladies looked and acted charmingly and the gentlemen were too fetching for anything in their handsome uniforms. At the Fencing Club entertainment on Wednesday, Mr. Macdonald took the blue ribbon (in a worldly and sporting sense), and we all held our breaths during the very realistic duel of the Corsican and the *Moosoo* in the beautifully staged scene from the Corsican Brothers.

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At the Bootles performances I noticed in the boxes: Mr. and Mrs. Manning and party, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Mr. Douglas Armour, Lieutenant Cameron, Miss Gussie Hodgins, Mr. Rutherford, the Misses Rutherford, Miss Ashworth, Colonel and Mrs. Dawson, the Misses Dawson, Captain and Mrs. Greville Harston, Mrs. Wood, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Miss Morgan, and on Saturday afternoon some charming family parties. Also Mrs. William Muloch, the Misses Muloch, Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Myles, Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Captain and Mrs. MacDougall, Mr. and Mrs. Cox, Mrs. and the Misses Arthurs, Mrs. Frederick Moffatt, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Alexander, Miss Macdonald, Mrs. Gooderham, the Misses Gooderham, Miss Mortimer Clarke, Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Paterson, Mr. Pipon, Mrs. and Miss Alice Bunting, Mr. C. S. Shanly, Mr. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Moffatt, Miss Hugel, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Brouse, Col. and Mrs. Grassett, the Misses Todd, Mr. Gordon, the Misses Heward, Mr. Brough, the Misses Mason, Mr. Houston, Mr. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, Miss Armour, Mrs. John Ross Robertson, Miss Holland, Mrs. Foy, Mrs. A. J. Hay, Mr. Clarence Bogert, Mr. Percival Ridout, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Melfort Boulton and party, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, Mr. McGee, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby and party, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty.

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The vice-regal ball to be given by the Victoria Club is an *fait accompli*. The committee is an able one and all points to an exceedingly swell event.

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Mrs. J. E. Graham's tea last Saturday was largely attended, and a most pleasant afternoon was the result.

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The Nightingales' concert on Tuesday evening was well patronized and in every way successful.

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Mrs. and Miss Pearl Orre of Belleville are visiting Mrs. S. R. Graham, 142 Avenue road.

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Mr. F. Warrington and family have removed to 214 Carlton street.

Music.

Mr. W. Edgar Buck's Society, the Toronto Vocal, made its final bow for the season on the 28th, before a large audience. The chorus showed itself to be excellently balanced in its parts, probably more so than at any previous concert, and sang with an agreeably rich and full quality of tone. The bass section, especially, was noticeable for a noble sonorousness. The programme was of most commendable brevity, but showed the tendency to embrace a similarity of sentiment, the first two numbers bearing the titles, Rest, Soldiers, and The Lullaby of Life. The former by Oliver King, a sometime resident of Canada, was so varied in its musical treatment as not to resemble the second one to any obtrusive extent. It is a clever composition and very prettily varied in its details, and was well rendered by the society. The Leslie number was not as crisp in details of performance as might have been expected. Matona, Lovely Maiden was sung in The Society's best style and won a well deserved encore, whose effect was somewhat spoiled by the repetition of the whole madrigal. In Duncan Gray the chorus showed a lack of unanimity in attack and time-variation, for which the somewhat impulsive beat of the conductor must be held responsible. Reinecke's Evening Hymn is quite an ambitious work and was very well rendered, the solo being effectively sung by Mr. George Taylor. A careful rendition of a posthumous serenade by Pinsuti, My Lady Comes to Me, closed the programme. I was glad to note the departure by the society from the senseless custom of opening the concert with the National Anthem.

*

Miss Attalie Claire, of whom great things were expected, was unfortunate in having contracted a cold, which was well-nigh at its climax at the time of the concert, Dr. Tyrrell being in constant attendance in the ante-room. Under the circumstances it would be hardly fair to criticize her performance as it was given. Still she sang with enough voice to show its pretty quality and, above all, its excellent training. She lacks the repose necessary to the concert platform, but in spite of the drawbacks under which she labored, secured recalls, one of them being a double one. She gave an especially happy rendering of the Jewel Song from Faust, and received some gorgeous floral tributes. Miss Mabel Glover, a student of some fourteen summers, essayed a performance of the Staccato Polka, which showed a voice of great promise in tone and flexibility. To criticize her style and technical performance would be obviously unjust in view of her youth. She won the hearty applause of the audience and many flowers. Mr. Frederic Boscovitz played two interesting old pieces on the spinett, and gave a splendid rendering of a Chopin Impromptu and of a Liszt Etude de Concert. He also was subjected to imperious recalls.

On Tuesday evening Miss Hillary's Ladies' Choral Club gave its third annual concert at Association Hall before a large and admiring audience. The previous efforts of the club were unquestionably surpassed by this event. The chorus sang with excellent precision, good

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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Pretty Novelties.

ONE of the richest bridal dresses worn during Easter week has the *Princesse* back of white satin laid in triple pleats that begin at the high collar and spread outward gradually to form an extremely long and graceful train. These pleats are turned to meet in the middle, each fold showing plainly, and forming together a hollow pleat—an arrangement far more becoming than the usual broad box-pleated Watteau fold. The front of the corsage is draped and round, with a Directoire satin sash of high loops, while below the waist falls wide point-lace, curving shorter on the sides, forming a round tablier. Long sleeves, all in one piece, have a round balloon-like puff from armhole to elbow, and are almost as tight as the skin below. The tulle veil was held on by a tiara of diamonds, and the bridal bouquet was made of long-stemmed roses and orange blossoms that drooped almost to the foot of the dress as the bride held it. Gowns of dotted white *mousseline de soie* over yellow satin were worn by the four bridesmaids at this wedding. They wore large, chip, round hats with wide brim, turned up in fanciful curves, with long yellow ribbon at the back. Their bouquets were dark red roses. The ushers wore black frock-coats, with vests to match, gray trowsers, high collars with turned-over points, and white *crepe de chine* scarfs. A single white hydrangea formed the large *boutonniere*. Their gloves were pearl-colored kid, with pearl stitching.

A favorite trimming for the foot of skirts is three tiny gathered lapping ruffles of satin ribbon that is only an inch wide. All these little ruffles may be of black ribbon on almost any dress; others match the ground of the dress material, and still others are all different, as a red, a green, and a black ruffle on a black dress figured with tiny red and green blossoms. Black corded net with leaf and flowers outlined by silk cords amid large meshes is the novelty for those who prefer lace dresses to the gauzes and grenadines that are more generally worn. This net is very effective, and also expensive. It is made up over black satin, and is trimmed with insertions, lozenges, and other ornaments made entirely of silk cords.

White parasols of large size promise to be much used for driving in open carriages and for summer walks. They are made of *mousseline de soie* draped in waved stripes, and have highly polished sticks of natural wood decorated with *choux* of loops of white gauze ribbon set near the handle and around the ferrule. Others are of *duchesse* point lace with the scalloped edge falling below the silk lining, and the stick of white enameled wood finished with a Dresden china knob. White *crepe de chine* parasols have inlaid flowers, butterflies and bands of lace, with the silk underneath cut away; and still others of thin French crape with striped borders, are fluffily draped, or have flounces on thin silk lining. For general use are plain parasols of changeable silk or of gros grain, with club sticks of polished wood capped with gold or silver; or the sticks are of Cape horn, or of what appears to be tinted ivory, with etched figures and flowers.

It is modish just now to wear a skirt and waist of contrasting colors, when the costume is designed for outdoor or morning wear; as, for example, a skirt of fawn cloth made very plainly has a band of green edging it, a sleeveless round bodice of green cloth crossing over in front and fastening to one side, covered with rows of narrow fancy braid, showing a combination of green, fawn, and gold; the sleeves and vest are of fawn, and deep cuffs of green and richly braided. The effect is, perhaps, difficult to realize from the description, but it is decidedly good. A navy-blue skirt might have a red bodice covered almost completely with close set rows of gold and fancy red braid, the sleeves and vest being blue. A limitless number of combinations are possible, and for *toutaller* gowns they are bright, becoming, and take away from the monotony of dull dark tones.

In spite of the hugely broad and extravagantly poked, pinched and puckered hats displayed just now in shop windows, the fashions are neither monstrous nor awkward. For very young, fresh-faced girls milliners do trim picturesque Gainsborough shapes intended chiefly for carriage and country wear. A hat of this sort, suitable for sweet sixteen, was a broad-brimmed, low-crowned Panama; white crimped lisse, edged with lace, lined the brim below and shaded it above, where a single loose-petalled pink rose caught the delicate stuff to break the stiffness. About the low crown a great silvery *moire* sash was drawn in smooth folds toward the front, where it tied in a flaring Alsatian bow with fringed ends. Three tiny white ostrich tips curled in the back just over the pink rosette, from which narrow strings of the same shade fell to tie beneath the chin.

At a noon wedding during Easter week the six bridesmaids entered, three in a row, from each side of the chancel, and meeting at the middle aisle walked in pairs down to the door to meet the bride. The ushers ranged themselves single file against the pews near the entrance until the bridesmaids passed by them, when all turned and walked back to the altar, followed by the bride and her father. This pretty group of maidens wore the favorite pink and white gowns, with a little green added at the foot of the skirt. They were made of white dotted muslin over pink figured silk, with much white lace on the corsage. The full high waist was gathered under a wide corselet of pink satin folds, and the Watteau effect was given by a bow of broad pink satin ribbon set high in the back, with long ends falling on the skirt. Their white chip hats were trimmed with pink flowers and a large bow of pink satin. Instead of a bouquet, each bridesmaid carried, pointed downward, a white *chiffon* parasol, bunchily made, with fluffy drooping frills of the *chiffon* and white enameled handles.

Fashionable women are growing more and more particular about the veils they wear, and these tulle trifles have become a really expensive article of dress. Those who can afford the luxury affect imported veils exclusively, the kind that have pure silk illusion ground, showing figures either large or small woven on at intervals, and with a fancifully finished border. These are quite expensive, but are durable and may be had in an infinite variety of styles, either just large enough to comfortably cover the face, or else full and very long, some extending as far as the waist. It is impossible to introduce white veils into general use, though they are offered everywhere. Fastidious women will have none of them, and even those of loud attire draw the line at white net. LA MODE.

Humors of Statistics.

What doth it profit a man to know how much of his life is spent in putting on his boots, or parting his hair, or fumbling for the evasive shirt button? And who cares to know how much or how many of this, that, or the other will reach round the world, or make a pyramid to the skies? This sort of thing has been done to death. Still, we must allow that now and again a statistical genius hits upon a new fact or puts an old one in a new light.

Here is somebody assuring us that twelve thousand vehicles, a quarter of them omnibuses, pass through the Strand in a day, carrying 65,000 persons. Each vehicle, it seems, is, owing to the narrowness of the street, delayed on an average three minutes. What of that? one may reasonably ask. "Oh," says the calculator, in effect, "the total waste of time equals 3,150 hours, which, at the moderate rate of 1s. per hour, is £157 per day, or over $47,000 per annum."

Another ingenious gentleman, commenting on the statement that the Americans use annually 1,500 lbs. of gold, worth about $30,000, in stopping decayed teeth, makes the inevitable "simple calculation," and arrives at the conclusion that in one hundred years the American cemeteries will contain more gold than now exists in France. Will they really? This good hand at figures must have heard that more than once—notably in Paris some twenty years ago—it has seriously been proposed to start companies for the purpose of taking gold stoppings from the jaws of corpses which lay in burial grounds. Statistics are all very well, but they do not take into account contingencies of this nature.—*Tit Bits.*

Not a Sister.

"Miss Gasket, I love you dearly," confessed young Mr Smithers.

"I'm so glad," replied Miss Gasket fervently.

"You make me intensely happy," rejoined the young man.

"I hope I shall continue to do so, for I am to be your step-mother."

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BY G. A. HENTY,

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CHAPTER VI.

The club house at Cawnpore was crowded on the evening before the races. Up to eleven o'clock it had been comparatively deserted, for there was scarcely a bungalow in the station at which dinner parties were not going on; but after eleven, the gentlemen for the most part adjourned to the club for a smoke, a rubber, or game of billiards, or to chat over the racing events of the next day.

Loud greetings were exchanged as each fresh contingent arrived, for many new-comers had come into the station only that afternoon. Every table in the whist room was occupied, black pool was being played in the billiard room upstairs, where most of the younger men were gathered, while the elders smoked and talked in the rooms below.

"What will you do, Bathurst?" the doctor asked his guest, after the party from the major's had been chatting for some little time downstairs. "Would you like to cut in at a rubber or take a ball at pool?"

"Neither, doctor, they are both accomplishments beyond me. I have not patience with whist, and I can't play billiards to save my life. I have tried over and over again, but I am too nervous I fancy. I break down over the easiest strokes, in fact an easy stroke is harder for me than a difficult one. I know I ought to make it, and just for that reason I suppose I don't."

"You don't give one the idea of a nervous man either, Bathurst."

"Well, I am, doctor, constitutionally, and terribly so."

"Not in business matters anyhow," the doctor said with a smile. "You have the reputation of not minding in the slightest what responsibility you take upon yourself, and of carrying out what you undertake in the most resolute, I won't say high-handed, manner."

"No, it doesn't come in there," Bathurst laughed. "Morally I am not nervous so far as I know; physically I am. I would give a great deal if I could get over it, but, as I have said, it is a constitutional."

"Not on your father's side, Bathurst. I knew him well, and he was a very gallant officer."

"No, it was the other side," Bathurst said. "I will tell you about it some day."

At this moment another friend of Bathurst's came up and entered into conversation with him.

"Well, I will go upstairs to the billiard room," the doctor said; "and you will find me there, Bathurst, whenever you feel disposed to go."

A pool had just finished when the doctor entered the billiard room.

"That is right, doctor, you are just in time," Prothero said, as he entered. "Sinclair has given up his cue; he is going to ride to-morrow, and is afraid of shaking his nerves; you must come and play for the honor of the corps. I am being robbed altogether, and Doolan has retired discomfited."

"I have not touched a cue since I went away," the doctor said, "but I don't mind adding to the list of victims. Who are the winners?"

"Messenger and Jarvis have been carrying all before them; there is a report they have just sent off two club waiters with loads of rupees to their quarters. Scandale has been pretty well holding his own, but the rest of us are nowhere."

A year's want of practice, however, told, and the doctor was added to the list of victims; he had no difficulty in getting someone else to take his cue after playing for half an hour.

"It shows that practice is required for everything," he said. "Before I went away I could have given each of those men a life, now I could give me two; I must devote half an hour a day to it till I get it back again."

"And you shall give me a lesson, doctor," Captain Doolan, who had also retired, said.

"It would be time thrown away by both of us, Doolan. You would never make a pool player if you were to spend a week at it. It is not the eye that is wrong but the temperament. You can make a very good shot now and then, but you are too harum-scarum and slap-dash altogether. The art of playing pool is the art of placing yourself, while, when you hit, you have not the faintest idea where your ball is going to, and you are just as likely to run in yourself as you are to pot your adversary. I should abjure it if I were you, Doolan; it is too expensive a luxury for you to indulge in."

"You are right there, doctor, only what is a man to do when fellows say, 'We want you to make up a pool, Doolan.'"

"I should say the reply would be quite simple. I should answer, 'I am ready enough to play if any of you are ready to pay my losses and take my winnings. I am tired of being as good as an annuity to you all,' for that is what you have been for the last ten years. Why, it would be cheaper for you to send home to England for skittles, and get a round up here."

"But I don't play so very badly, doctor."

"If you play badly enough always to lose, it doesn't matter as to the precise degree of badness," the doctor re-urged. "It is not sur-prising. When you came out here fourteen or fifteen years ago boys did not take to playing billiards, but they do now. Look at that little villain, Richards. He has just cleared the table, and done it with all the coolness of a professional marker. The young scoundrel ought to have been in bed two hours ago, for I hear that tat of his is really a good one. Not that that will make any difference to him. That sort of a boy would play billiards till the first bugle sounds in the morning, and have a wan and turn out as fresh as paint, but it won't last, Doolan, not in this climate; his cheeks will have fallen in and he will have crow's feet at the corners of his eyes before another year has gone over. I like that other boy, Wilson, better. Of course he is a cub as yet, but I should say there is good in him. Just at present I can see he is beginning to fancy himself in love with Miss Hannay. That will do him good; it is always an advantage to a lad like that to have a good honest liking for a nice girl. Of course it comes to nothing, and for a time he imagines himself the most unhappy of mortals. It will do him good for all that; fellows are far less likely to get into mischief and go to the bad after an affair of that sort. It gives him a high ideal, and if it is worth anything he will try to make himself worthy of her, and the good it will do him will continue even after the charm is broken."

"What a fellow you are, doctor," Captain Doolan said, looking down upon his companion, "talking away like that in the middle of the racket which would be enough to bother St. Patrick himself."

"Well, come along downstairs, Doolan; we will have a final peg and then be off. I expect Bathurst is beginning to fidget before now."

"It will do him good," Captain Doolan said disdainfully. "I have no patience with a man who is forever working himself to death, riding about the country as if old nick were behind him, and never giving himself a little bit for diversion of any kind. Faith, I would rather throw myself down a well and have done with it, than work ten times as hard as a black nigger."

"Well, I don't think, Doolan," the doctor said dryly, "you are ever likely to be driven to suicide by such cause."

"You are right there, doctor," the other said contentedly. "No man can throw it in my teeth that I ever worked when I had no occasion to work. If there were a campaign, I expect I could do my share with the best of them, but in quiet times I just do what I have to do, and if anyone has an anxiety to take my place in the rota for duty, he is as welcome to it as the flowers of May. I had my share of it when I was a subaltern; there is no better fellow living than the major, but when he was captain he did my company he used to keep me on the run by the hour together, till I wished myself back in Connaught, and anyone who liked it might have had the whole of India for anything I cared; he was one of the most uneasy creatures I ever came across."

"The major is a good officer, Doolan, and you were as lazy a youngster and as hard a bargain as the company ever got. You ought to thank your stars that you had the good luck in having a captain who knew your disease, and made you learn yours. Why, if you had had a man like Rintoul as your captain you would never have been worth your salt."

"You are not complimentary, doc'or; but then nobody looks for compliments from you."

"I can pay compliments if I have a chance," the doctor retorted, "but it is very seldom I get one of doing so—at least, without lying. Well, Bathurst, are you ready to turn in?"

"Quite ready, doctor; I think one of the advantages of not caring for racing; the merits and demerits of the horses that run to-morrow do not in the slightest degree affect me, and even does me good to see that all the favorites are wrong would not deprive me of an hour's sleep."

"I think it a good thing to take an interest in racing, Bathurst. Take men as a whole out here, they work hard—some of them work tremendously hard—and unless they get some change to their thoughts, some sort of recreation, nineteen out of twenty will break down sooner or later. If they don't they become mere machines. Every man ought to have some sort of hobby; he need not ride it to death but he wants to take some sort of interest in it. I don't care whether he takes to pig sticking, or racing, or shooting, or whether he goes in for what I may call the milder kinds of relaxation, such as dining out, billiards, whist, or even general philandering. Anything is better than nothing—anything that will take his mind off his work. As far as I can see you don't do anything."

"Therefore I shall either break down or become a machine, doctor!"

"One or the other certainly, Bathurst. You may smile, but I mean what I say. I have seen other young fellows just as full of work and enthusiasm as you are, but I have never seen an exception to the rule, unless, of course, they took up something so as to give their minds a rest."

"The doctor has just been scolding me because I am not fond enough of work," Captain Doolan laughed.

"You are differently placed, Doolan," the doctor said. "You have got plenty of enthusiasm in your nature—most Irishmen have—but you have had nothing to stir it. Life in a native regiment in India is an easy one. Your duties are over in two or three hours out of the twenty-four, whereas the work of a civilian in a large district literally never ends, unless he puts a resolute stop to it. What with seeing people from morning until night, and riding about and listening to their complaints, every hour of the day is occupied, and then at night there are reports to write and documents of all sorts to go through. It is a great pity that there cannot be a better division of work, though I own I don't see how it is to be managed."

By this time they were walking towards the lines.

"I should not mind taking a share of the civil work at the station," Captain Doolan said, "for it would make our pay a little more like that of the civilians."

"There is something in that, Doolan," the doctor agreed; "it is just as hard work having nothing to do as it is having too much; and I have always been of opinion that the tremendous disproportion between the pay of a military man and that of a civilian of the same age is simply monstrous. Well, good night, Doolan; I hope you will tell Mrs. Doolan that the credit is entirely due to me that you are home at the reasonable hour of one o'clock, instead of dropping in just in time to change for parade."

"A good fellow," the doctor said as he walked on with Bathurst; "he would never set the Thames on fire, but he is an honest, kindly fellow. He would make a capital officer if we were on service. His marriage has been an excellent thing for him. He had nothing to do before but to pass away his time in the club or mess-house, and drink more than was good for him. But he has pulled himself round altogether since he married. His wife is a bright, clever little woman and knows how to make the house happy for him; if he had accept than a lackadaisical sort of woman, the betting is he would have gone to the bad altogether."

"I only met him once or twice before," Bathurst said. "You see I am not here very often, and when I am it is only on business, so I know only my immediate neighbors. I have to deal with, and by the time I have got through my business I am generally so thoroughly out of temper with the big-headed stupidity and obstinacy of the natives in general that I get into my buggy and drive straight away."

"I fancy you irritate them as much as they irritate you, Bathurst. Well, here we are; now we will have a quiet cheroot and a peg to quiet our nerves after all that din before we turn in. Let us get off our coats and collars, and make ourselves comfortable; it is a proof of the bestial stupidity of mankind that they should wear such abominations as dress-clothes in a climate like this. Here, boy, light the candles, and bring sodas and brandies."

"Well, Bathurst," he went on, when they made themselves comfortable in two lounging chairs, "what do you think of Miss Hannay?"

"I was prepared to admire her, doctor, from what you said; it is not very often that you over-praise things; but she is a charming girl, very pretty and bright, frank and natural."

"She is all that," the doctor said. "We were four months together on board out, and I saw enough of her in that time to know her pretty thoroughly."

"It puzzles me about her," Bathurst said, "is that I seem to know her face. Where I saw her, and under what circumstances I have been puzzling myself half the evening to recall, but I have the strongest conviction that I have met her.

"You are dreaming, man. You have been out here eight years; she was a child of ten when you left England. You certainly have not seen her, and as I know pretty well every young lady who has been in this station for the last five or six years, I can answer for it that you have not seen anyone in the slightest degree resembling her."

"That is what I have been saying to myself, doctor, but that does not in the slightest degree shake my conviction about it."

"Then you must have dreamt it," the doctor said decidedly. "Some fool of a poet has said, 'visions of love cast their shadows before' or something of that sort, which of course is a lie, still that is the only way that I can account for it."

Bathurst smiled faintly. "I don't think the quotation is quite right, doctor; anyhow I am convinced that the impression is far too vivid to have been the result of a dream."

"By the way, Bathurst," the doctor said, suddenly changing his conversation, "what do you think of this talk we hear about chupattes being sent round among the native troops, and the talk about greased cartridges? You see more of the natives than anyone I know; do you think there is anything brewing in the air?"

"If there is, doctor, I am certain it is not known to the natives in general. I see no change whatever in their manner, and I am sure I know them well enough to notice any change if it existed. I know nothing about the Sepoys, but Garnet tells me that the company at Deesnuggur give him nothing to complain of, though they don't obey orders as smartly as usual, and there is a sullen air about their going about their work."

"I don't like it, Bathurst. I do not understand what the chupattes mean but I know that there is a sort of tradition that the send ing of them round has always preceded trouble. The Sepoys have no reason for discontent, but there has been no active service lately and idleness is always bad for men. I can't believe there is any widespread dissatisfaction among them, but there is no doubt whatever that if there is and it breaks out, the position will be a very serious one. There are not half enough white troops in India, and the Sepoys may well think that they are masters of the situation. It would be a terrible time for everyone in India if they did take it in their heads to rise."

"I can't believe they would be mad enough to do that, doctor; they have everything to lose by it and nothing to gain, that is individually, and we should be sure to win in the long run, even if we had to conquer back India foot by foot."

"That is all very well, Bathurst, we may know that we could do it, but, they don't know it. They are ignorant altogether of the forces we could put into the field were there a necessity to make the effort. They naturally suppose that we can have but a few soldiers, for in all the battles we have fought there have always been two or three Sepoy regiments to one English. Besides, they consider themselves fully a match for us. They have fought by us side by side in every battlefield in India, and have done as well as we have. I don't see what they should rise for. I don't even see whose interest it is to bring a rising about, but I do know that if they rise we shall have a terrible time of it. Now I think we may as well turn in. You won't take another peg? Well, I shall see you in the morning. I shall be at the hospital by half-past six, and shall be in at half-past eight to breakfast. You have only got to shout for my man and tell him whether you will have tea, coffee, or chocolate, any time you wake."

"I shall be about by six, doctor; five is my general hour, but it is past one now, and I dare say I shall be able to sleep on for an hour later, especially as there is nothing to do."

"You can go round the hospital with me if you like," the doctor said. "If you are minded not to make a dozen suggestions for the improvement of things in general."

Isobel Hannay came down to breakfast in high spirits on the morning of the races. The dinner had gone off excellently. The dinner table with its softly shaded lamps and the doctor's arrangement of the flowers had been she thought, perfection, and everything had passed off without a hitch. Her duties as a hostess had been much lighter than she had anticipated. Mrs. Hunter was a very pleasant, motherly woman, and the girls, who had only come out from England four months before, were fresh and unaffected, and the other people had all been pleasant and chatty.

Altogether she felt that her first dinner party had been a great success.

She was looking forward now with pleasant anticipation to the day. She had seen but a little the natives so far, and she was now to see them at their best. Then she had never been present at a race, and everything would be new and exciting.

"Well, uncle, what time did you get in?" she asked, as she stepped out into the veranda to meet him on his return from early parade. "I was too bad of you and Mr. Hunter, running off instead of waiting to chat things over."

"I have no doubt you ladies did plenty of that, my dear."

"Indeed, we didn't, uncle. You see they had a very long ride, and Mrs. Hunter insisted on the girls going to bed directly you all went out, and so I could not sit up by myself I had to go too."

"We were in at half-past twelve," the major said, "and we can stand a good deal of smoke, but the club atmosphere was too thick for me."

"Everything went off very well yesterday, did it, Hi?" she asked.

"Very well I thought, my dear, thanks to you and the doctor and Humnan."

"I had very little to do with it," she laughed.

"Well, I don't think you had much to do with the absolute arrangements, Isobel, but I thought you did well as hostess; it seemed to me that there was a good deal of laughing and fun at your end of the table."

"Yes, you see we had the two Miss Hunters and the doctor there, and Mr. Gregory, who took me in, turned out a very merry old gentleman."

"He would not be pleased if he heard you call him old, Isobel."

"Well, of course he is not absolutely old, but being a commissioner and all that sort of thing he has an idea of being old, but I don't think the others." And they went into the breakfast room.

The first race was set for two o'clock, and at half-past one Mrs. Hunter's carriage with the four ladies arrived at the enclosure. The horses were taken out and the carriage wheeled into place, and then Isobel and the two Miss Hunters prepared to enjoy the scene.

It was a very gay one. The course was as present covered with a throng of natives in their bright-colored garments, and mixed with them were the scarlet uniforms of the Sepoys of the 150rd and other regiments. On the opposite side were a number of native vehicles of various descriptions, and some elephants with painted faces and gorgeous trappings and with howdahs shaded by pavilions glittering with gilt and silver.

On either side of their own, a long line of carriages was soon formed up, and among these were several occupied by gaily dressed natives, whose rank gave them entrance to the privileged enclosure. The carriages were about four or five yards back from the rail, and the intervening space was filled with civilian and military officers, in white or light clothes, and with pith helmet or puggaree; many others were on horseback behind the carriages.

"It is a bright scene, Miss Hannay," the doctor said, coming up to the carriage.

"Wonderfully pretty, doctor!"

"An English race course doesn't do after this; can tell you. I never drove to the Derby when I was at home, and such an assembly of rif-raff I never saw before and never wish to see again."

"These people are more picturesque, Dr. Wade," Mrs. Hunter said, "but that is merely a question of garment; these people perhaps are no more trustworthy than those you met on the race course at home."

"I were speaking purely of them as a spectacle; individually I have no doubt one would be safer among the English roughs and betting men than among these jacid-looking natives. The one would pick your pockets of every penny you have got if they had the chance, the other would cut your throat with just as little compunction."

"You don't really mean that, Dr. Wade," Isobel said.

"I do indeed, Miss Hannay. The Oude men are notorious brawlers and fighters, and I should say that the roughs of Cawnpore and Lucknow could give long odds to those of any European country, and there are of course these men you see walking about there would not only cut the throat of a European to obtain what money he had about him, but would do so without that incentive, upon the simple ground that he hated us."

"But why should he hate us, doctor? He is none the worse off now than he was before we annexed the country."

"Well, yes, that class of man is worse off. In the old days every noble and Zemindar kept up a little army for the purpose of fighting his neighbors, just as our barons used to do in the happy olden times people talk of. We have put down private fighting, and the consequence is these men's occupations are gone, and they flock to great towns and there live as best they can, ready to commit any crime whatever for the sum of a few rupees. There is Isabel Sahib."

Isobel looked round and saw a carriage with a magnificent pair of horses in harness almost covered with silver ornaments, drive up to a place that had been kept vacant for it. Four natives were sitting in it.

"That is the Rajah," the doctor said, "the farthest man with that cigarette of diamonds in his turban. He is Oriental to-day, but sometimes he affects English fashions. He is a very clever fellow, no longer pretty well open Hours at Bithoor, has a billiard table and a first-rate cellar of wine, carriages for the use of guests, in fact he does the thing really handsomely."

"Here is my opera glass," Mrs. Hunter said, Isobel looked long and fixedly at the Rajah.

"Well, what do you think of him?" the doctor asked, as she lowered it.

"I do not know what to think of him," she said; "his face does not tell me anything, it is like looking at a mask, but you see I am not accustomed to read brown men's characters, they are so different from Europeans, their faces all seem so impassive. I suppose it is the way in which they are brought up and trained."

"Ages of tyranny have made them supple and deceitful," the doctor said, "but of course less so here than among the Bengallies, who, being naturally unwarlike and cowardly, have always been the slaves of some master or other."

"You evidently don't like the Nana, Miss Hannay. I am rather glad you don't, for he is no great favorite of mine, though he is so generally popular in the station here. I don't like him because it is not natural that he should be so friendly with us. We undoubtedly, according to native notions, robbed him of one of the finest positions in India by refusing to acknowledge his adoption. We have given him a princely revenue, but that, after all, is a mere trifle to what he would have had as Peishwa. Whatever virtues the natives of this country possess, the forgiving of injuries is not among them, and therefore I consider it to be altogether unnatural that he, having been, as he at any rate and everyone around him must consider, foully wronged, should go out of his way to affect our society and declare the warmest friendship for us."

The Rajah was laughing and talking with General Wheeler and the group of officers round his carriage.

Again Isobel raised the glasses. "You are right, doctor," she said, "I don't like him."

"Well, there is one comfort, it doesn't matter whether he is sincere or not, he is powerless to hurt us. I don't see any motive for his pretending to be friendly if he is not, but I own that I should like him better if he sulked and would have nothing to say to us, as would be the natural course.

The bell now began to ring, and the native police cleared the course. Major Hannay and Mr. Hunter, who had driven over in the buggy, came up and took their places on the box of the carriage.

"Here are cards of the races," he said. "Now is the time, young ladies, to make your bets."

"I don't know even the name of anyone in this first race," Isobel said, looking at the card.

"That doesn't matter in the least, Miss Hannay," Wilson, who had just come up to the side of the carriage, said. "There are six horses in; you pick out any one you like, and I will lay you five pairs of gloves to one against him."

"But how am I to pick out when I don't know anything about them, Mr. Wilson? I might pick out one that had no chance at all."

"Yes, but you might pick out the favorite, Miss Hannay, so that it is quite fair."

"Don't you bet, Isobel," her uncle said. "Let us have a sweepstake, instead."

"What is a sweepstake, uncle?"

"Then we each pull out one.

"Well, my dear, we each put in a rupee. There are six of us, and there are Wilson and the doctor. You will go in, doctor, won't you?"

"Yes; I don't mind throwing away a rupee, major."

"Very well, that makes eight. We put eight pieces of paper in the hat. Six of them have got the names of the horses on, the other two are blank. Then we each pull out one. Whoever draws the name of the horse that wins, takes five rupees, the holder of the second, two, and the third saves his stake. You shall hold the stakes, Mrs. Hunter. We have all confidence in you."

The slips were drawn.

"My horse is Bruce," Isobel said.

"There he is, Miss Hannay," Wilson, who had drawn a blank, said, as a horse whose rider had a straw-colored jacket and cap came cantering along the course. "This is a race for country horses—owners up. That means ridden by their owners. That is Pearson of the 13th Native

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Cavalry. He brought the horse over from Lucknow."

"What chance has he?"

"I have not the least idea, Miss Hannay. I did not hear any betting on this race at all."

"That is a nice horse, uncle," Isobel said, as one with a rider in black jacket, with red cap, came past.

"That is Delhi. Yes, it has good action."

"That is mine," the eldest Miss Hunter said.

"The rider is a good-looking young fellow," the doctor said, "and is perfectly conscious of it himself. Who is he, Wilson? I don't know him."

"He is a civilian. Belongs to the public works, I think."

The other horses now came along, and after short preliminary canters the start was made. To Isobel's disappointment her horse was never in the race, while Delhi looked like winning until near the post, when a rather common-looking horse, which had been lying a short distance behind him, came up with a rush and won by a length.

"I don't call that fair," Miss Hunter said, "when the other was first all along. I call that a mean way of winning, don't you, father?"

"Well, no, my dear. It was easy to see for the last quarter of a mile that the other was making what is called a 'waiting race' of it, and was only biding his time. There is nothing unfair in that. I fancy Delhi might have won if he had had a better jockey. His rider never really called upon him till it was too late. He was so thoroughly satisfied with himself and his position in the race that he was taken by surprise when Moonshee came suddenly up to him."

"Well, I think it is very hard upon Delhi, father, after keeping ahead all the way and going so nicely. I think everyone ought to do their best from the first."

"I fancy you are thinking, Miss Hunter," the doctor said, "quite as much that it is hard on you being beaten after your hopes being raised as it is upon the horse."

"Perhaps I am, doctor," she admitted.

"I think it is much harder on me," Isobel said. "You have had the satisfaction of thinking all along that your horse was going to win, while mine never gave me the least bit of hope."

"A proper expression, Miss Hannay, is, your horse never flattered you."

"Then I think it is a very silly expression, Mr. Wilson, because I don't see that flattery has anything to do with it."

"Ah, here is Bathurst," the doctor said. "Where have you been, Bathurst? You slipped away from me just now."

"I have just been talking to the commissioner, doctor. I have been trying to get him to see—"

"Why, you don't mean to say," the doctor broke in, "that you have been trying to cram your theories down his throat on a race course!"

"It was before the race began," Bathurst said, "and I don't think the commissioner has any more interest in racing than I have."

"Not in racing," the doctor agreed, "but I expect he has an interest in enjoying himself generally, which is a thing, you may've seen to have the most remote idea of. Here we are just getting up a sweepstake for the next race; hand over a rupee and try to get up an interest in it. Do try and forget your work till the race is over. I have brought you here to do you good. I regard you as my patient and I give you my medical orders that you are to enjoy yourself."

Bathurst laughed.

"I am enjoying myself in my way, doctor."

"Who is that very pretty woman standing up in the next carriage but one?" Isobel asked.

"She comes from an out station," the doctor repeated; "she is the wife of the Collector there but I think she likes Cawnpore better than Bourgum; her name is Rose."

"Is that her husband talking to her?"

"No, that is a man in the Artillery here, I think."

"Yes," the major said, "that is Harrowby, a good-looking fellow and quite a ladies' man."

"D.y you mean a man ladies like, uncle, or who likes the society of ladies?"

"Both in his case I should fancy," the major said. "I believe he is considered one of the best looking men in the service."

"I don't see why he should be liked for that," Isobel said. "As far as I have seen, good-looking men are not so pleasant as others. I suppose it is because they are conscious of their own good looks, and therefore do not take the trouble of being amusing. We had one very good-looking man on board ship, and he was the dullest man to talk to on board. No, doctor, I won't have any names mentioned, but I am right, am I not?"

"He was a dull specimen, certainly," the doctor said, "but I think you are a little too sweeping."

"I don't mean all good-looking men, of course, but men who, what I call, go in for being good-looking. I don't know whether you know what I mean. What are you smiling at, Mr. Wilson?"

"I was thinking of two or three men I know to whom your description applies, Miss Hannay, but I must be going; they are just going to start the next race and mine is the one after, so I must go and get ready. You wish me success, don't you?"

"I wish you all the success you deserve. I can't say more than that, can I?"

"I am afraid that is saying very little," he laughed. "I don't expect to win, but I do hope I shall beat Richards, because he is so cock-sure he will beat me."

This wish was not gratified. The first and second horses made a close race of it; behind them by ten or twelve lengths came the other horses in a clump, Wilson and Richards singling themselves out in the last hundred yards and making a desperate race for the third place, for which they made a dead heat, amid great laughter from their comrades.

"That is excellent," Major Hannay said; "you won't see anything more amusing than that to-day, girls. The third horse simply saved his stake, so that as they will of course divide, they will have paid twenty-five rupees each for the pleasure of riding, and the point which of their tats is the fastest remains unsettled."

"Well, they beat a good many of them, Major Hannay," Miss Hunter said, "so they did not do so badly after all."

"Oh, no, they did not do so badly; but it will be a long time before they get over the chaff about their desperate struggle for the third place."

The next two races attracted but slight attention from the occupants of the carriage. Most of their acquaintances in the station came up one after the other for a chat. There were many fresh introductions, and there was so much conversation and laughter that Isobel had little time to attend to what was going on around them. Wilson and Richards both sauntered up after changing, and were made subject of much chaff as to their brilliant riding at the finish. Both were firm in the belief that the judge's finding was wrong, and each maintained stoutly he had beaten the other by a good head.

The race for Arabs turned out a very exciting one; the Rajah of Bithoor's horse was the favorite, on the strength of its performances elsewhere; but Prothero's horse was also well supported, especially in the regiment, for the adjutant was a well known rider and was in great request at all the principal places in Oude and the north-west provinces, while it was known that the Rajah's horse would be ridden by a native. The latter was dressed in strict racing costume, and had at the last races at Cawnpore won two or three cups for the Rajah.

But the general opinion among the officers of the station was that Prothero's coolness and nerve would tell. His Arab was certainly a fast one, and had won the previous year both at Cawnpore and Lucknow; but the Rajah's new purchase had gained so high a reputation in the western presidency as fully to justify the odds of two to one laid on it, while four to one were offered against Prothero, and from eight to twenty to one against any other competitor.

Prothero had stopped to have a chat at the Hunters' carriage as he walked towards the dressing tent.

"Our hopes are all centered in you, Mr. Prothero," Mr. Hunter said. "Miss Hannay has been wagering gloves in a frightfully reckless way."

"I should advise you to hedge if you can, Miss Hannay," he said. "I think there is no doubt the Mameluke is a good deal faster than Sella. I fancy he is pounds better. I only beat Vincent's horses by a head last year, and Mameluke gave him seven pounds and beat him by seven lengths at Poona. So I should strongly advise you to hedge your bets if you can."

"What does he mean by hedge, uncle?"

"To hedge is to bet the other way, so that one bet cancels the other."

"Oh! I sha'n't do that," she said. "I have enough money to pay my bets if I lose."

"Do you mean to say you mean to pay your bets if you lose, Miss Hannay?" the doctor asked incredulously.

"Of course I do," she said indignantly. "You don't suppose I intend to take the gloves if I win, and not to pay if I lose?"

"It is not altogether an uncommon practice among ladies," the doctor said, "when they bet against gentlemen. I believe that when they wager against each other, which they do not often do, they are strictly honest, but that otherwise their memories are apt to fail them altogether."

"That is a libel, Mrs. Hunter, is it not?"

"Not altogether I think; of course many ladies do pay their bets when they lose, but others certainly do not."

"Then I call it very mean," Isobel said earnestly. "Why, it is as bad as asking anyone to make you a present of so many pairs of gloves in case a certain horse wins."

"It comes a good deal to the same thing," Mrs. Hunter admitted, "but to a certain extent it is a recognized sort of thing; it is a sort of tribute that is exacted at race time, just as in France every lady expects a present from every gentleman of her acquaintance on New Year's day."

"I wouldn't bet if I didn't mean to pay honestly," Isobel said. "And if Mr. Prothero doesn't win, my debts will all be honorably discharged."

There was a hush of expectation in the crowd when the last two horses whose numbers were up went down to the starting point, a quarter of a mile from the stand. They were to pass it, make the circuit, and finish there, the race being two miles. The interest of the natives was enlisted by the fact that Nana Sahib was running a horse, while the hopes of the occupants of the enclosure rested principally on Sella.

The flag fell to a good start; but when the horses came along Isobel saw, with surprise that the dark blue of the Rajah and the adjutant's scarlet and white were both in the rear of the group. Soon afterwards the scarlet seemed to be making its way through the horses, and was speedily leading them.

"Prothero is making the running with a vengeance," the major said. "That is not like his usual tactics, doctor."

"I fancy he knows what he is doing," the doctor replied. "He saw that Mameluke's rider was going to make a waiting race of it, and as the horse has certainly the turn of speed on him, he is trying other tactics. They are passing the mile post now, and Prothero is twelve or fourteen lengths ahead. There, Mameluke is going through his horses; his rider is beginning to get nervous at the lead Prothero has got, and he can't stand it any longer. He ought to have waited for another half mile. You will see, Prothero will win after all. Sella can stay, there is no doubt about that."

A roar of satisfaction rose from the mass of natives on the other side of the enclosure as Mameluke was seen to leave the group of horses and gradually to gain upon Sella.

"Oh, he will catch him, uncle!" Isobel said, tearing her handkerchief in her excitement.

The major was watching the horses through his field glass.

"Never mind his catching him," he said, "Prothero is riding quietly and steadily. Sella is doing nearly her best, but he is not hurrying her, while the fool on Mameluke is beating the horse as if he had only a hundred yards further to go."

The horses were nearing the point at which they had started when a shout from the crowd proclaimed that the blue jacket had come up to and passed the scarlet. Slowly he forged ahead until it was two lengths in advance, for a few strides their relative positions remained unaltered, then there was a shout from the carriages; scarlet was coming up again. Mameluke's rider glanced over his shoulder, and began to use the whip. For a few strides the horse widened the gap again, but Prothero still sat quiet and unmoved. Just as they reached the end of the line of carriages, Sella again began to close up.

"Sella wins! Sella wins!" the officers shouted.

But it seemed to Isobel that this was well-nigh impossible, but foot by foot the mare came up and as they passed the Hunters' carriage her head was in advance.

In spite of the desperate efforts of the rider of Mameluke, another hundred yards and they passed the winning post, Sella a length ahead.

(To be Continued.)

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She (suspiciously)—Anything special take you there?

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Our Melissa Cloths are manufactured by the largest and best mills in the country. All our patterns are made specially for us, and the mills guarantee they will neither reproduce them in any other cloth nor sell them to any other firm.

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Melissa Goods are now being sold by all the Leading Dealers throughout the Dominion.

All genuine porous rainproof cloths are stamped in wax with the Melissa trade mark seal, and Melissa Garments have the above trade mark label attached. [None other genuine.

THE MELISSA MANUFACTURING CO., MONTREAL

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THE GREAT FOOD AND TONIC

PRICE 25 CENTS

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

The Best Cough Cure

Is the best remedy for colds, coughs, bronchitis, sore throat, la grippe, pneumonia, hoarseness, or other derangements of the vocal organs, throat, and lungs. Its record covers half a century and is gathered from all quarters of the globe. It is the favorite preparation with singers, actors, preachers, teachers, and public speakers. It soothes the inflamed membrane, promotes expectoration, and strengthens the voice. Taken at the first symptoms of consumption, it checks further progress of the disease, and even in the later stages, it eases coughing and induces repose. By reason of its great strength, it is the most economical medicine of the kind to be found anywhere in the world.

For Colds
Coughs
Bronchitis
Consumption

"We have been dealing in Ayer's Medicines for years, and have always found them to give very best satisfaction. One of our customers, a lady, was afflicted for a long time with chronic bronchitis. In the summer of 1889, after having used various remedies without benefit, she tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and almost immediately she was relieved, and in a short time, cured."—R. S. Webster & Co., Udora, Ont.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

Handy with Their Guns.

Don Antonio Coronel, of Los Angeles, gives, with reference to the excellent marksmanship of pioneer days here, the following anecdotes: Among the Angelenos of the later thirties were Jack Brings and Antonino Buelna, both otter hunters. These gentry were in the habit of hanging about the old Carrillo dwelling (where is now the Pico House), whence they performed many feats of rifle-lore. On the brow of the hill, by the American fortifications, stood a large wooden cross, on whose arms were wont to perch the crows then abounding, and the heads of these creatures were clipped off by shots from Brings and Buelna from the Carrillo house, some three hundred yards away, "as easy as rolling off a log." With equal facility, too, they brought down the birds that perched upon a flagstaff, some eight feet high, that stood in the plaza. When in their cups, those worthies were wont to emulate in this wise the feat of the apocryphal William Tell: One, standing at the edge of the plaza, would shoot at a bottle of brandy or whisky placed on the head of the other, standing in the center, both screaming with laughter as the spirits streamed over the face of the bearer. It was with them, also, a favorite diversion to seat themselves, on opposite sides of the plaza, upon the ox-skulls which in those days lay about everywhere, and mutually blaze away each at the other's temporary throne. One day, the two, in one of their convivial bouts, were challenged by Governor Alvarado, Manuel Castro, and a number of local grandees, to "guess at what would be the pleasantest thing to do." The American said: "Well, I reckon to have a lot of angels pick me up and fly off with me, with a bottle in each hand, and each angel carrying a bottle and giving me a drink at every wing-flap." The *paisanos* all agreed that this was a pretty good guess, and called on Buelna for his version. "For me," said Don Antonino, "the best would be to be put, stark naked, into a butt of good wine, so deep that I could barely keep my mouth above the surface by standing on tiptoes, so that every time I would lose my balance and wabble, I would gasp, and my mouth fly open and dip under, so that I would swallow the wine without ever trying." The palm of merit was given to Buelna.

Excursion to Washington, D.C., on April 25, with the Privilege of Visiting New York, via Erie and Lehigh Railways.

Just one more chance to visit the sunny South for almost nothing, and will only cost ten dollars, round trip, Suspension Bridge to Washington, and if you wish to return via New York it will cost four dollars extra. Train will leave Suspension Bridge at 4.40 p.m. Tickets will be on sale at Suspension Bridge, and good for ten days. Through sleepers to Washington, and parties taking advantage of this cheap trip should secure their berths early. For further particulars apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street East, Toronto.

A Defect in the School System.

Tourist—So you teach the young idea how to shoot, eh?

Texan School-teacher—No, stranger; pistol practice hain't one of the reg'lar studies at our school, but I think it ought to be, by jinks!

California and Mexico.

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line to all west and south-west points, the only railroad using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all cars go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information from your nearest ticket agent or A. E. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

Temptation.

Friend—After your experience in the Hotel Royal fire, I shouldn't think you'd want to go to the Hotel Rattletrap. It's just as dangerous.

Miss Spinster—You should have seen the handsome fireman that carried me out.

Misses E. & H. Johnson, 122 King street west, are now displaying their spring show of novelties in dress goods and millinery. An elegant and varied assortment to select from. Perfection of taste, style and fit. Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our styles and material.

Naturally.

"How did you like Madame Bernhardt in Camille?" asked a Murray Hill belle of her country cousin.

"Oh, very well," was the reply; "but the poor lady had such a bad cough."

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Lester Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

Getting Down to Hard Pan.

Helen Hyler—I suppose you find America very different from England?

Lord Blazonberrie—Ah, ya-as; in some things! For instance, in England, we put the pavement on top of the dirt; but here in New York, you seem to put the dirt on top of the pavement.

Hard to Suit.

"The play last night wasn't realistic enough for me."

"What was the trouble?"

"You know that chap who was killed in the third act?"

"Yes."

"Well, I saw him on the street this morning."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

For Spring and Summer.

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

NATURE'S GREAT RESTORER!

Delightfully Refreshing.

BY ALL CHEMISTS.

Fleo's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - - - Editor.

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The Drama.

BOOTLES' Baby is a charming child. As the plot unfolds itself and the simple-hearted soldier, Capt. Ferrers, reveals new evidence of his worth, one feels a respect for and a sympathy with him, and in contrasting his character with that of Capt. Gilchrist there is a lesson impressed upon the auditor that cannot fail to bear good fruit. The latter is married to Helen Grace, but has insisted that the fact be preserved as a secret and, irritated by his wife's pleadings for recognition, grows furious and owns that he would like to be well rid of her. He insists that she go to London and leave Ferrers Court where they are guests, and doing so she fails to see her husband for over two years. At last, being without money, and having a chance to go out as a governess, she decides to leave her little girl baby in its father's room at the barracks, accompanied by a note telling him to care for the child as she is unable to do so and is going away to earn her own support. Being misdirected, and seeing her unworthy husband standing in Capt. Ferrers' room, she watches her chance and deposits the child in the curtained bed. When Ferrers discovers the little tot there is a striking scene, and the officers are called in from the adjoining card-room and chaff the mystified Bootles, which is Ferrers' pet name. I think that was one of the most free-and-easy situations of the piece and the officers disported themselves creditably. The dark-browed and dyspeptic-looking Gilchrist, knowing by the note that the child was his own, unnaturally urges that it be sent to the police station or the workhouse, but Bootles, in his slow, deliberate way, resolutely announces that he will adopt the child. The whole story of the play is well known, but I have outlined this sketch because those who have never read the story nor seen the play with the irregular manner in which Bootles got his baby. As Roland Reed in the part of Mr. Stuyvesant said, "My title of papa is unearned." When five years later Helen Grace returns, her secret unknown, and looks with concealed rapture on her daughter and is told the story how an unfeeling mother deserted the little thing to the rude chances of a strange soldier's care, the situation is most touching. The clandestine endearments that the mother lavishes upon the little girl are touching, and the subtle affection existing between the two gives Bootles a pretext for renewing an offer of his hand to Helen. Thoroughly detesting the glossy little rascal, her husband, and admiring the great-hearted man whose life has been an open book and who has been a parent to her child, yet she is forced to repel him without daring to explain that she is already a married woman. Ferrers drops into his chair with a sad heart, for the life-hope of his honest nature has been finally dispelled. Then in skips Mignan and coils herself on his knee, seeking with childhood's intuition that he is in sorrow and vowing to love him always. On the landing behind stands Helen, a heartbroken witness of this scene, in which figures a daughter whom she dare not own and a man whose love she dare not countenance. Nothing more touching has been presented this season, and I am not ashamed to confess that it affected me. The feelings of the woman could be understood, but not described on paper. There seems to me more cause for pride than shame in those intense emotions that one occasionally allows to pervade him at a play. It is easy for an habitual theater-goer to resist even an ordinary feeling of interest in the plot by preserving a critical temper. It is harder to be responsive than to refuse response to the illusion of the moment and therefore if one is impressed at a play it is proof of possessing a creditable wealth of sentiment. In real life Capt. Gilchrist is the sort of man who scoffs at the tribulations of the stage heroine, while Bootles is the sort of man who coughs to disguise his surging feelings. My idea is that when one enters the theater he has a part to perform as well as those on the stage. He must lend his imagination to the conception of the playwright. If the play is on board ship he must enter into the spirit of the thing until the salt spray dews his brow and he feels the pulsing of the restless sea beneath him; if the play is in the country he must conjure the fragrance of the clover and the pine from the painted scene, and he must put literal belief in the hazy distance of mountain and plain; if the play is timed to the days of Cromwell he must feel himself an embattled knight with a light heart and a ready sword, or a psalm-singing, throat-cutting roundhead. To one who feels thus and who by practice improves his imagination until it gives increasing delights, the theater is sure to mean more and better things than to the one who prides himself on seeing only canvas and false whiskers everywhere before him. But this is a subject that may be taken up again. H. Melville Boddy, as Bootles, gave a thoughtful representation of the part. In fact, he and Ernest J. Wood, as Captain Lucy, were ahead of the average professional in their acting. The latter, no doubt, made Nelson Wheatcroft's last piece of work here his model and did it well. He has an easy grace on the stage and the coolness to bide his time. Capt. Gibson, as Gilchrist, made such a good villain that I hated him and so did everybody, and we could scarce forbear applause when he got killed in the horse race, which was the highest praise he could hope for. W. D. Gwynne, as Dr. Blantyre, was an eccentric army surgeon, and his indignation at being billed to run a mile race by the irrepressible Paddy Miles, (E. C. Rutherford) was extremely natural. J. T. Thompson, as Lieut. Gray, had a light part that gave him no particular opportunity to excel. E. R. Ricketts understood the necessities of the case as Private Saunders and was always welcomed on the stage. Miss Lottie Cable, as Mignan, was without doubt the delightful surprise of the cast. Her acting was faultless, or I am no critic whatever. Children have made fame with less talent than that displayed by this clever child. Miss Frances, as Helen Grace, was a revelation. There was nothing amateurish about her acting and from first to last it was finished and artistic. It was a difficult part to sustain, changing from the light and gossipy to the deep and emotional, but it was carried through with a rare strength. She evidenced intense feeling without resorting to that extravagant hand-wringing so much in vogue among distressed females on the stage and nowhere else. Mrs. A. C. Gibson was a charming little Laura Norris, and Mrs. A. B. Cameron was a most sensible and estimable Mrs. Smith. As Humpty-Dumpty Miss A. E. Shanly had a very difficult part and subjected herself to its requirements very conscientiously. Tiny little Miss Gladys Edwards was a sweet tot, and looked so lovable that Bootles or any other good man in his place could not but adopt her with eagerness. The excellence of the play and much of the credit for the finished acting is due, I believe, to the painstaking work of Mr. Henry W. Arch, stage manager. There is abundant credit in the production for him and all who acted under him.

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At the point in the play where Captain Lucy gives Mignan a box of chocolates, quite a diversion was created at the Saturday matinee. Mignan opened the box and taking out a chocolate gave it to the captain, saying: "You take one." Up spoke a clear baby voice from one of the boxes: "I'll take one, too!" The child was hushed to silence and everyone laughed outright. The little one soon felt that it had done something tremendously, awfully naughty, but could not tell how.

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Lovers of realism in the drama are likely to find what they want in The Pay Train at the Academy all next week, presented by that clever little actress, Florence Bindley. Among the scenic effects may be mentioned genuine cars, and as the train dashes across the stage they are uncoupled in full view of the audience. But the last effect beats them all, according to all accounts, being nothing less than a regular boiler explosion and wreck on an incline plane track, in which a coal car rushes down from the highest point in the theater to the stage with a man on board. One who has seen it says it creates the same furore as does the saw mill scene in Blue Jeans, and ladies cover their eyes and sigh their relief when it is over. Being late in the season, Manager Kirchmer has succeeded in having prices reduced during the week. Speaking of Miss Bindley the Cincinnati *Enquirer* of April 16 said: "An excellent house at the matinee and a crowded one at night is what greeted the clever little soubrette, Florence Bindley, yesterday at Havlin's in her successful play, The Pay Train. Her company is one above the average, and the same may be said of her play. Miss Bindley is every inch an actress and one with more versatility than a great many actresses now before the public. She is equally at home in her comedy scenes, emotional or melodramatic scenes, her singing excellent, her dancing perfect, while her solos on the different musical instruments prove her to be a thorough musician."

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Dr. Flint, the mesmerist or hypnotist, has drawn good houses during his entire ten-night engagement at the Academy. There is something in human nature that makes anything uncanny have a fascination on account of its very strangeness. Once these things could be explained they would be turned away from and disregarded. In every man there is a remnant, a lingering spark of that old superstition, that belief in ghosts, that fear lest unseen thousands occupy the air around us. The suspicion that there are forces in existence which no man can measure or define is strong general, and among these hypnotism is being classed. Some have gone to these entertainments to scoff and pronounce it all arrant humbug and to regard those on the stage as hired instruments of the mesmerist's, but they could not carry away the same idea very well. Mesmerism is a reality. That much may be considered as established. But where does its power end? By what art is nature overcome that the doctor could stick a hat-pin through a man's cheeks yet no blood flow? or stiffen a man's body to the unbending character of iron so that no power could double it up and huge stones could be sledge-hammered to pieces on his unyielding bosom? These are things that mystify. If they are tricks I cannot see through them, and although Herrmann accomplished stranger feats, yet that does not lessen but adds to my unrest of mind. Some strange forces apparently lying loose around us. Mesmerism should be made a scientific study at the expense of the State, the fake element expunged from it, and the genuine part pursued and developed for a great world of learning may be a little further on.

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The Fencing Club entertainment at the Grand on Wednesday evening bids fair to be more of a social than a dramatic event, will be found fully reported in the society columns of this issue. MACK.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Taking a young lady to the theater or opera is quite a simple question in the abstract, but when considered in its full import it is fraught with many difficulties. A few suggestions to young men, who desire to make themselves agreeable to the young ladies they accompany, may not be amiss. The first thing to be considered is your toilet. There may be some occasions where it would be permissible to wear a business suit to the opera, but these are exceptional occasions. There is no reason why one should begrudge the slight extra time and trouble incident to donning evening clothes. What time shall you start? Don't go early, thinking to have a chat with her before setting out for the opera. She won't appreciate it. A woman usually aims to finish her toilet just at the moment her escort arrives. On the other hand, if you arrive just when you ought to, and she is not quite ready, don't be cross when she does appear. And that brings up the question of what is late and what is early at the opera. Perhaps the most pleasing moment to walk down the aisle is just as the curtain is going up. Of course, there are some people who like to arrive early, watch the audience stray in and listen to the overture. But most girls will not care particularly for this. And perhaps if she has a new frock she won't mind missing a quarter of an act. Don't deny her this satisfying pleasure once in a while, but don't make a habit of it. Probably a carriage if it is a disagreeable night; but if the night is fine you will hardly need one. But be sure of one thing, if she makes things disagreeable because you don't get a carriage, she is not the girl for you. When you arrive at the opera and secure some programmes, don't hand one to her unfolded. Fold it for her. Printed paper soils delicate gloves. Do not hunt out the names of the characters and explain the play. She probably manages that for herself. If she cannot, your efforts will avail little. Don't keep up a conversation with her on matters relevant and irrelevant. She will be annoyed by it, and so will your neighbors. Don't be ashamed of her if she laughs or cries at the play. Don't go out between the acts. It is an impoliteness to the young lady and an inconvenience to the audience. And now the play is done. You have wrapped the young lady up and piloted her through the swaying crowd as best you can. What are you going to do next? Take the young lady to supper? By all means, if she will go. That can be ascertained by asking her. But don't ask her in an off-hand way, as if you expected her to refuse. Don't say, "What do you want to do—go home or go to supper?" because if you do, she will certainly refuse the supper and go home. Ask her as if your whole happiness depended upon her saying "yes," and if she hesitatingly declines, press the matter. Women like to be urged, particularly if a man does it in the right way. They like masterful men; therefore entreat, not humbly, but commandingly. The chances are she is longing to accept your invitation. Choose the place and order the supper as you will. Consult the young lady's wishes in both respects, but do not insist upon her making a choice. Such a procedure will embarrass her. When your supper is served don't be in a hurry to eat it. Learn to linger over a meal. Conversation and laughter are the best part of a supper always. Say all the pretty things you can think of. Then she will think you the most charming fellow in the world and want to go to the opera with you again.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Prof. Rolfe, the Shakespearean scholar, has counted the lines which the principal characters have to speak. His rule was to consider parts of lines, beginnings and endings of speeches as full lines. This is the result:

	Lines.		Lines.
Hamlet has to speak	1569	Imogen has to speak	541
Richard III.	1161	Helen (All's Well)	479
Iago	1117	Isabella	456
Othello	888	Desdemona	396
Cassius	868	Mistress Page	361
Timon	863	Viola	353
Antony (Cleopatra's)	829	Julia (Two Gentlemen)	338
Lear	770	Volumnia	315
Richard II.	755	Beatrice	309
Brutus	727	Lady Macbeth	231
Macbeth	705	Katherine (in The Shrew)	220
Cleopatra	670	Miranda (Tempest)	145
Prospero	665	Perdita	128
Romeo	618	Cordelia	116
Petruchio	585		
Touchstone	546		

Henry V., as king and prince (in Henry IV. and Henry V.), has 1,967 lines to speak, and Falstaff in both parts of Henry IV. and Henry V., and in the Merry Wives, has 1,895.

A Songster of the Night.

HE was drunk, beastly drunk, that was what was the matter with him as he lay in a Queen street doorway the other night. A policeman on his rounds came along and dragged him to the pavement. The man was in a stupor, but with a kick and a severe shaking the officer stood him on his feet.

"Lem'me 'lone!"

"You're a nice one!"

"What 're copes always jumping on me for?"

"You're a bird!" said the officer with contempt.

"Well, 'spose I am, you've no right to kick birds. You'll git reported to the Humane Society, see! Don't shake me—can't ye see my feathers fallin' out—gimme that hat again. Ta-ta, old boy."

"Now, come with me."

"To put me in a cage and feed me on bird-seed, well no. Let me go and watch me fly. Don't pinch that wing—but say, cop, are you a Christian?"

"Don't talk, but get a gait on ye," replied the cop, giving the drunken man considerable help along the street towards the patrol box.

"Because, if you're a Christian I've got you, see? You said I'm a bird—that's straight, ain't it? Well, doesn't the Bible say that not a sparrow shall fall to the ground—"

"But you ain't a sparrow."

"I'm a bird all the same!"

"Because you did fall to the ground and so the Bible proves you are not a sparrow. But darn your preachin', git a better gait on!"

"But, say, look here, I don't like walkin' and I'd rather fly. Lemme go or I'll insult you. You're a hawk, see—one of those darn chicken hawks that's scared to light only when the rooster is shut in the hen coop and can't get at you. Yes, you're a hawk and found me asleep on my roost and gobbled me up."

And the unfortunate bird bade fair to cry at his evil case and at the conduct of the rooster who could have pecked the hawk's eyes out in half a minute. The rooster was evidently the chum who had left the chicken in the doorway. But presently remembering that birds sing and that even chickens try their infant throats at crowing, he began to chanticleer with more vigor than nicety of imitation. Perfectly delighted with his idea, he would pause to debate what kind of a bird he was and whether he was a bird at all, but he would always turn to the policeman and corroborate his own suspicion by exclaiming: "You said I was a bird, didn't you?" and then he would strut and gobble like a gobbler. He was particularly delighted with the rapidity of his transformation from a barnyard fowl to a canary and then a whip-poor-will, but was finally persuaded that his best sphere of usefulness was as a young rooster with a large but unformed voice. Then he commenced to cry and slobber upon the breast of the hawk, assuring that bird that if it had not come along and snicked him off the roost he would never have discovered that he was a bird at all, let alone the still more gratifying fact that he was a promising young game cock of high breeding and some vocal attainments. Being finally carried to the station house he rocked on the edge of his bunk and crowed and cackled through the long night.

Crazy, you say? No, only drunk; the most ordinary kind of a drunk as seen every few nights on the streets of the city. Not a bit drunker than the licensed hotels are allowed to make people, but a trifle drunker than the police are supposed to wink at. Just a trifle! MACK.

Art and Artists.

MR. G. A. Reid gave the members of the Art Students' League a practical lesson in oil painting on Friday evening of last week. It was the closing lesson of the winter session and as the members soon depart in all directions for the summer, it was thought that a lesson of this sort would prove of particular benefit. Mr. Reid explained his theories and put them in practice on canvas as he proceeded, giving his advice and warning a substantiality otherwise impossible. It was a profitable evening for the students.

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An art exhibition will be held to-day at Oliver, Coate & Co's. Among the exhibitors are H. A. Harris, G. A. Reid, F. A. Verner, M. Matthews, Mrs. M. H. Reid, Miss Tully, Harlow White, F. McGillivray Knowles, J. Perre, J. A. Radford and W. A. Sherwood.

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The O. S. A. illustrated catalogue, for the exhibition at the end of the month, is now completed and bids fair to rival its predecessor. A very pretty design will ornament the cover.

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J. Foxcroft Cole died at Boston Monday night. He was a landscape painter known by some of the Toronto art patrons, and a frequent contributor to the Paris *salon*. The telegraph despatches speak very highly of some work he has left behind. MACK.

Friday's Latest.

"Why, my dear!" said Mr. Mawbid to Mrs. Mawbid, "you simply bristle with pins. That hat pin of yours will put somebody's eyes out."

"I'll risk it, Ananias." "But I hope not; but I must wear it that way, because this is bargain day and I don't know how else I can get through the crowd to the counter."

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

BOB.—Your study was received and delineated. Did you see it? I remember your writing perfectly.

OLIVIA.—It is not compulsory to recognize him again. Unless you are very sure of recognizing him, or have the certainty of being thrown in his way, I should not.

INGENUE.—Unless you have a connection on which you can depend for patronage, the fancy for acting will be too much of a risk; I could not advise it. 2 You have hope, ambition, self-esteem, determined effort, rather a taste for beauty and like an easy life.

SENSEMAIDE.—This is rather a clever but uncultured person, with good imagination, fairly good judgment, generosity and any amount of fun, she is discreet, but not reserved, and neither unduly hopeful nor easily cast down, lacks decision but can hold on to what she gets.

INGRE.—This is the writing of a rather reserved and discreet person, pleasant-tempered, very matter-of-fact, rather reluctant fond of pretty things, economical and able to make the best of circumstances, even when rather trying, she is careful, sensible and not all uncultured.

BELLE R.—You are somewhat romantic, very constant and decided, persevering, discreet and by no means stupid. I don't think you would resent being told, but you are going to a pretty fair conclusion. Your temper is rather variable, self assertive strong, hope and ambition out of sight.

19-1-92.—Very imaginative, idealistic, conscientious and a little self-conscious, willful and original, with much buoyancy, love of fun and pretty good temper. Could not keep a secret if you tried, are fond of life's good things and soft corners and also of your own way. Are you quite sure your letter was not sweetened?

AUNT MATILDA.—1. It is never done in a Correspondence Column. 2. Yes, I know her very well. 3. I think any of the three beautiful. 4. Lemon juice—lace blinds. 5. Your question is too obscure, an invitation to what? 6 Remsnyl. 7. Your writing is far too shaky and unformed to delineate; wait a few years.

ARLO.—1. That is your signature as well as I can make it out. The letter is dated Petrolia, January 30. 2. Your writing shows effort and desire for approbation. You are persevering, but inconstant, rather careless of details, unfinished in style and lack energy. Some taste for beauty and a good temper are shown.

W.—Why shouldn't a member of the male sex be delineated? They need characters sometimes, don't they? You are not a finished penman, but your writing is interesting; decision, self-will, inconstancy, energy, discretion in speech, and lack of refinement in manner and taste are shown. You are hopeful, ambitious and fond of praise, but rather careless, very wasteful of time.

MAUDE MCCRATCHER.—1. I should not put it off, unless it were very heavy and large. 2. You are a case and no mistake you have a wealth of energy, imagination and sympathy, persistent effort, love of beauty and sympathy, tact and humor, ones, but not method, impulse, and a very sensitive nature to praise or blame. I am sorry you have a good deal of No. 1. Maude, you are a bit of a humbug, but a very charming one.

DESIRER.—This is a decidedly impetuous, self-indulgent and very earthly character, the writer is cramped in thought, but quick to act, fond of fun, fond of variety and the pleasures of the table, strong in likes and dislikes, careful of details but not lacking in method and style.

MAMIE SYLVA PRESBRICE.—Why should I call it a scrap and disdain to notice it if it is not a scrap? I don't quite comprehend you. Your writing shows some refinement and care, rather a deliberate and obstinate mind, some hope, defective judgment, decided lack of tact, and rather crude taste. You are not wedded to ease and selfish in disposition; you lack quickness of perception, though you see a good many faults that aren't your own; generous in sympathy; I should not be surprised if you were very fond of music.

GUNDA.—1. An opal is not popular as an engagement ring, one of the birthstones, October, December, and June. 2. May is a very nice month, but not popular on account of its being dedicated to the virgin. The current superstition is that May marriages are unlucky, but of course that is disposed every day. 3. Any gown suitable all the year round, if it is full dress wanting. 4 not, a light cloth or silk calling or traveling suit. 4 I think it rather a large contract, but have no doubt it can be done if you have had practice enough. 5 Your writing is very fine and not easy to delineate. You have some romance, not a very practical method, plenty of self-confidence and keenness, rather crude judgment, poor persistence, a tendency to look down, a rather sharp temper, but good self-control. You have peculiarities of your own so which you are wedded, and you have but little management or tact. You are, however, honest, truthful and candid.

At Sunset.

For Saturday Night.

To-night the west o'er brims with warmest dyes,
Its chalice overflows
With pools of purple coloring the skies,
Afloat with gold and rose,
And some hot soul seems throbbing close to mine,
As shake the sun winks that world of wine.

I seem to hear a bar of music float,
And swoon into the west,
My ear can scarcely catch the whispered note,
But something in my breast
Blends with that strain, till both accord in one,
As cloud and color blend at set of sun.

And twilight comes with gray and restful eyes,
As ashes follow flame,
But oh! I heard a voice from those rich skies
Call tenderly my name;
It was as if some priestly fingers stole
In benedictions o'er my lonely soul.

I know not why, but all my being longed
And leapt at that sweet call,
My heart reached out its arms, all passion-thronged
And beat against Fate's walls,
Crying in utter homesickness to be
Near to a heart that loves and leans on me.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Idyl, by a New Idyller.

For Saturday Night.

My muse shall tell of an idle wind,
Importuning Satan some mischief to find,
While Satan, quite ready for anything ill,
Pointed down to the ocean, just under the hill.

The boisterous wind lashed the ocean to foam;
The mermaids were rattled, the sea birds sent home;
The little fish trembled, the whale tried to blow,
But the wind knocked him out, and he found it no go.

The sea rock'd and eddied, and tom'd in his might,
But the wind took his scalp, and still kept up the fight.
The sea got his back up, and turned green and blue,
But the wind sat right on him and said, "It won't do."

The sea dogs and lions and all the fish go,
To hold a war council, five fathoms below;
While old Neptune is hustled and cuff'd till he's sore,
And finds half his in'ards are blown to the shore.

At this doleful juncture a parley was sounded,
For the whale seen out word he was very near drowded,
But the pesky old wind, on its final act bent,
Got down on his muscle, on mischief intent.

So the whale, for emergencies not unprepared,
And afraid that his babies at home might be scared,
Blubber'd oil by the hogshead, and smooth'd the sea so,
That the wind, in disgust, found that he couldn't blow.

Then in pitiful plight was the wind, you may see;
He staggar'd and lurch'd, like a tramp on the spree;
He tried to brace up and to get a fresh start,
But was tord'd in the end to pack up and depart.

One lesson to draw from the facts herein stated,
Is plain from the excellent way they're related;
It's—That the author hereof is a poet—
And, by jings, he'll take care that he lets people know it.

H. S. P.

The Lilac Tree.

For Saturday Night.

Oh, Lilac tree, oh Lilac tree,
Thy purple blossoms hold for me,
Memories of by-gone years!
At sight of thee, within my heart
Such fond regretful thoughts will start,
My eyes are dimmed with tears

Once more I feel a tender hand
Clasp mine, and in the shadow stand
A happy child again—
Across my path the blue birds fly,
Just as they did in springs gone by,
Ere I knew care or pain.

The hand I held is long since cold,
The birds are not the birds of old
We loved and watched for so;
Yet all unchanged thy blossom's scent,
Sweet as of old, comes softly blent
With dreams of long ago.

F. A. SCHNEIDER.

The First Blossom.

For Saturday Night.

Wee, tinted flower, thy dimpled form appears,
And greets the opening spring with tender grace;
Were life less bright, and dark th' approaching days,
My smiles again could greet thy cheering face.

All winter long thy tiny root reposed
Where fairy forms their mystic circles led;
And winter snows refused to chill the bud
That rises now, with blushes, from its bed.

A dream of home comes with thy welcoming face,
A burst of song from unseen throngs above;
Rejoicing then, I weave my misty webs
And kiss the tiny pledge of Nature's love.

Brief as a dream is thy existence here,
A dream that fades away like sunset gold;
The whispering winds moan sadly o'er thy tomb,
And pitying leaves thy withered stem enfold.

B. KELLY.

God's Harbors

For Saturday Night.

Burst, ye dark'ning clouds above me,
Burst and rage with all your storms;
Fall, ye floods, in savage fury,
Bellow forth your wild alarms;
Blow, ye adverse winds, and shatter,
Toss and tear my soul with pain;
Safe through turmoil, gloom and clatter,
I shall ride to peace again.
Yon bright beam of beauty streaming
O'er the billows faint and far,
Guiding, guarding, glowing, gleaming,
Tells me where God's harbors are;
Calm, eternal, sweet, supernal,
Shining, sleeping, star on star.

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

Time Writes no Changes.

For Saturday Night.

Once the fairies told to me
Of a lonely little maiden;
Life and health were at her knee,
And her years were barely twenty,
Yet she sat was ever laden
With the burden of the song
That she murmured all day long:
"Love and lovers may be plenty,
But they never come to me!"

But it chanced upon a day,
While the little maid was singing,
That a lover came that way.
Very many hours spent he
There; until the bells went ringing
For their wedding in the city.
Still she singeth—ah, the pity!—
"Love and lovers may be plenty,
But my husband—where is he!"

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

A Long Head.

"Why will you not elope with me?"

"Because it's a bad business plan. We'll lose all our presents if I do," she said.

Between You and Me.

I WAS struck with the general excellence of the amateur performance of Bootles' Baby at the Grand last week, and I bestowed a good deal of thinking on Bootles himself, as interpreted by Mr. Harry Boddy. We all know the accepted Bootles, fair, handsome, well set up and comfortable, and let me whisper that I was never quite satisfied with him. He was too sunny-faced, too fat and prosperous, too ready to have "headaches," (unless, horrible thought, from over eating or drinking), he had no nerves, that handsome Bootles, he was too matter-of-fact to talk to his dead sweetheart's picture and cherish her memory and fall in love with another woman because she reminded him of the lost lady, too mannish to turn in his melancholy, nerve-racked moments to the caresses of a loving little child for comfort. Whether it was a stroke of genius and superior insight combined, or only an unpremeditated cleverness, I know not, but Mr. Boddy's Bootles, nervous, high-strung, courageous, sensitive, headachy, cranky, solitary, holding fast to the little child whose light kisses and wonderful devotion met and soothed his distress, seemed to me the more perfect if not the more popular presentation. I never met the Bootles I used to watch on the stage, but I and you know quite well that new Bootles and understand him too. He isn't such a pretty fellow as the other chap, nor does he cut such a dash, but he is, in comparison, as the delicate Sevres china to the useful and commonplace delf. With genius he may be poet, artist, singer, according to the way his talent points. You can pick him out of the ages, and he is always the same. With no gifts and lacking chivalry and self-control, he is Mr. Bowser of detested memory (though I am in distinct sympathy with Mr. Bowser, all the same.) In conclusion I think I should apologize to Mr. Boddy for my personalities. I am sure he will forgive them!

*

I am moved to write about selfishness to-day. I don't clearly know why. Nobody has been mean to me (they never are, bless them!), but just in a general way I remark that there is too much selfishness going about to be healthy. A little while ago there was a prize offered by a paper for the best answer as to what makes a happy evening. The judges agreed privately that the test was to be the unselfishness of the answer. Scores of answers came in, sketching happy evenings. Intellectual, social, family and amusement evenings jostled each other in the mail bags. Theaters, suppers, parties, honors, lovemaking, studying, they went the round, for place or money was no object. An evening of talk with Queen Victoria came directly on the heels of a *tete a-tete* with an absent sweetheart, all so purely natural, sure enough, but all tarred with the same stick—self! At last someone sent in a thoroughly unselfish reply and his or hers was the prize. But the sad thought remained that only one of a very large number fulfilled the condition.

*

A very wise woman betrayed her knowledge of and sympathy with the cares of a person who is generally supposed to be lighthearted and happy. "However did you find that out?" asked a surprised friend. "She told me the other day," said the wise woman simply, and turned the conversation at once. There is a way some people have of compelling confidence, and some wonderful confidences come their way. I think it is *sympathy* and *silence* that gives them the power. They warm the hearts of their friends by quick, ready, hearty comprehension, and then they stay still and give the other woman a chance to talk, and she does so nine times in ten, and "tells all about it." That wise woman aforesaid did not betray confidence when she unveiled a corner of her friend's cares; she did it to silence an uncharitable and thoughtless critic and then left it alone!

*

When I see very selfish and self-absorbed people I always think of a fellow-traveler I had once, who, after the ship sailed, took to her room and stayed there, *all through the voyage!* On fine days she had the port open and saw the sun dancing on the waves, and smelt the lovely salt breath of the sea air, but she would not join the merry crowd on deck, nor could we coax her to. The stewardess would go in valiantly and in cheery tones remark, "You'll be on deck this morning, it's so lovely and calm to-day," but she wouldn't—not once! I often see people like her, not quite so bad though, I hope. They sit below in their own nest of comfort, or of sorrow, or of indolence, and it is all in vain that the myriad voices above call, "Come out on deck." They "miss it," of course, but they are not conscious of the greatness of their loss; they might be making themselves and others so much the better, that is the pity of it; and in the bracing sea air of self denial and the sunny beams of sympathy they would grow so bonnie and strong.

*

I have just been reading an article by Thomas Stevens in *Lippincott's* for May, which I hope my sister wheels will take the trouble to look at. One sentence made me laugh a little. "One of the latest items in the wheel world tells of a dear old soul in Cincinnati, over sixty years of age, who skims along the streets on her bicycle, threading her way among the traffic with ease and safety," and then Mr. Stevens, who is a nice man, isn't he, girls? says genially, "Why not?" A short time ago, Mr. Stevens tells us, it was unanimously decided by a convention of Chicago doctors that bicycle riding was "one of the most wholesome and exhilarating forms of exercise that women can indulge in." Well, we knew that a year ago, but still we are glad the Chicago doctors have found it out too. Our Toronto doctors did not take so long about it! I am glad to meet certain bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girls, when I go the longest way round from home to town, and I wish Bishop Cox and another bishop I know could see them too. They do look so happy, skimming along in the early morning.

*

A few weeks ago I spoke about the backwardness of Canadians in helping the starving Russians. Last week I got a letter from a Canadian girl telling me what she and some girl friends had done. They were shocked at the suffering of those poor Russian peasants, and they were practical in their way of looking at it. One gave up her carriage, another her trip, another her spring suit, and so on, and with the money equivalents they made up a very snug sum to send to the needy people far away. They do not boast, but only tell it for the credit of Canada. Perhaps some of our rich men may be wakened up by their sweet example. We have a millionaire grain merchant just at hand, but he doesn't seem to care; we have also the facilities of transport, but that's the end of it. I do hope someone will wake up before the people whom they might aid are past any human aid.

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

Patti says that a child should be taught to sing as soon as it can speak.

Mrs. Ballington Booth is said to receive but seven dollars a week for her services to the Salvation Army.

Sara Bernhardt will contribute a painting to the women's gallery of pictures at the Columbian Exposition.

It is said that nearly every English man or woman of letters uses the type-writer, and Edna Lyall even employs it for the first composition of her books.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling are in Japan and expect to go from there to China, and after that to New South Wales, New Zealand, Samoa, Australia, Ceylon and India.

Seventy-seven dollars was paid in London the other day for the copy of Adam Bede George Eliot presented to Thackeray. It was the first edition, and contained the author's autograph.

Mlle. Elise St. Omer, the French explorer, who has traveled through Europe, Asia and America, prides herself upon journeying without any luggage, and carrying all she needs in her capacious pockets.

Dr. Gunsaulus of Chicago is the owner of the famous portrait of Robert Browning painted by Moscheles. It was the most satisfactory portrait ever made of the poet, not only to his family and friends but also to Mr. Browning himself.

Dr. Babcock of Chicago is, although blind, a specialist in throat and lung diseases, his acute ear making up for his lack of sight. He was materially advanced in his studies by the aid and encouragement given him by Dr. May French, now Mrs. French-Sheldon.

Aunt Betsy McKay of Taylorville, Kentucky, has reached the very old age of one hundred and six years, but her eyesight and memory are remarkably preserved. She has one hundred and twelve descendants living, and remembers many interesting incidents of early Kentucky life.

Cecilia Beaux of Philadelphia has won for the fourth time the Mary Smith prize of the Pennsylvania Academy. The conditions that accompany the gift provided that the same person shall not receive it more than five times, and that the competitors must be residents of Philadelphia.

The Grand Duchess of Baden is at the head of a school of art for women, a training school for servants, a hospital, a mending school, and a cooking school. The royal ladies of Sweden also support an industrial school, and Queen Margaret of Italy is at the head of an industrial school for women founded by herself.

The Empress of Russia has sent a magnificent present to her parents, the King and Queen of Denmark, on the occasion of their golden wedding. It consists of a full "team"—half a dozen—of those snow-white stallions for which the Russian Court is famous. Not a dark hair is to be found on them from forelock to hind fetlock.

Sixty thousand dollars has been refused by Rosa Bonheur for a lately completed painting. It may not be generally known that it was to the Empress Eugenie that Mlle. Bonheur owed almost the first recognition of her talents, and it was from the empress's hand that the artist received her highly prized decoration of the Legion of Honor.

A gratifying inclination to do the mother-in-law justice was recently shown in Dantzic, Germany, where a shopkeeper was sentenced to eight days' imprisonment for frightening his relative by marriage. He sent her a bogus telegram announcing that her daughter was dead, and added insult to injury by not prepaying the despatch.

The fortieth anniversary of the publication of Uncle Tom's Cabin has brought out several facts concerning it. The original of George Harris is still living, and it was from his lips that Mrs. Stowe obtained the germ of her story. The book has been translated into a dozen languages, dramatized in twenty forms and acted in nearly every city in the world.

It is announced that at the Columbian Exposition there will be displayed specimens of spinning and knitting done by Queen Victoria when she was a girl, as well as some of her embroidery, fine drawing, and water-color painting. Princess Christian will also contribute embroidery, Princess Louise specimens of clay modeling, and Princess Beatrice several paintings.

Miss Kate Greenaway, whose charming sketches of the little folks in quaint attire have delighted us all for the past eleven years, is a dark, plainly dressed little woman, living at Hampstead, England. Her house is a quaint affair of red brick and tiling, with picturesque windows scattered all about, and on the upper floor is the large, cheerful study in which she works early and late.

The famous Bronze doors of the Strasburg Cathedral were designed and wrought by Sabina Steinbock, sister of the architect of the cathedral, and also his assistant and admirer. To her skill is also due the grand bronze column in the cathedral. Mrs. Potter Palmer has sent to ask permission of the German government to have these doors reproduced for the doors of the Columbian Exposition.

A Lively Prelude to a Tea-Party.

By Clara H. Mountcastle (Caris Sima).

MRS. Marten was the wife of Samuel Marten, Methodist minister, and lived in a pretty little cottage embowered in dog roses and clematis, and situated on the outskirts of Beeborough (let us say) in Huron county. She was not what could be called a large woman. I have seen women who appeared much larger, and all sizes are, or should be, estimated by comparison. She was not tall. Her form was neatly and softly rounded, and she weighed only about two hundred and twenty-five pounds avoirdupois. She was a fair-haired, blue-eyed, fresh-complexioned woman, with a pleasant smile and winning manner.

Pretty Mary Parker and Samuel Marten had been made one ten years before the incident occurred which forms the basis of my story, and it was patent to every man and woman of their acquaintance that that "one" was Mrs. Marten. The attainment of this distinction brought with it many responsibilities, under the weight of which Mrs. Marten often groaned in spirit.

The Martens had a small family, and it is sometimes difficult for parents to maintain even a small family in the ordinary comforts of life. So it was with the family I speak of; but Mrs. Marten through much thoughtful care and economy, contrived with very limited means to make a comfortable home, and it was with a desire to economize still more that she, a few weeks before the event I am about to relate, persuaded her husband to purchase two small pigs.

"You know, Samuel," she said, "we must keep a cow on account of the children, and I think with the waste milk, potato peelings and weeds from the garden I could bring them on very well till the fall, when we could get a little grain and fatten them and have them killed and salted down for winter use."

"I think they would be a great trouble to you," said the easy-going Samuel.

"Nothing is accomplished without trouble," answered his wife with energy. "I wonder what would become of us if I were to sit with my hands before me and not trouble about anything!"

Samuel had no reply to make to this query. So the pigs were bought and put in a pen that appeared to have been made for occupants of the same description at some former time, and Mrs. Marten was happy. Two plump little white pigs they were, and they throve so well under Mrs. Marten's care that they gave fair promise ere long of providing enough bacon to supply the family of Marten for a year.

"Pray a sunny afternoon in July, when Mrs. Marten having completed her household duties for the present and expecting company to tea, had just arrayed her plump person in a pale blue muslin dress, fresh from the ironing table, and was in the act of fastening a lace collar round her throat when her eldest child, a girl about seven years old, rushed into the room exclaiming excitedly:

"Ma! Ma! One of the pigs is out; it's in the garden, rooting up the onions!'

Mrs. Marten waited to hear no more, but hastened to the garden, and there, sure enough, was a little, fat, white pig that might have weighed between fifteen and twenty pounds, slowly turning out the onions as though for the simple purpose of testing the strength of its nose.

On becoming aware of the approach of Mrs. Marten and her too evident desire to lay violent hands on it, the pig began to show its agility by sundry bounces in various directions, at the same time uttering sounds expressive of intense delight.

"I do believe the little beast is laughing at me," thought Mrs. Marten. "I'll teach him a thing or two if I get hold of him. Here, piggy piggy piggy"—in a conciliatory tone of voice, and she stole softly after him as he proceeded to a lettuce bed and began turning up the young plants and nipping off their roots with apparently exquisite enjoyment.

"Piggy! piggy! piggy!" reiterated Mrs. Marten as she got within a yard of him.

The pig evidently did not approve of such close proximity, for after making two or three more little mirthful scampers it strolled slowly over to a bed of flowers that grew at the opposite side of the garden. He was followed by Mrs. Marten, who arrived at the spot just as he made a third application of his nose to the root of her favorite double-pink geranium then in full bloom.

Whether it was the effect produced by the rays of the almost tropical sun on her bare head, or witnessing the impending destruction of her treasured plant, I know not, but certain it is that Mrs. Marten waxed wroth and, making a desperate rush, clasped the pig in her arms. There was a wild porcine shriek, accompanied by a horrified exclamation from Mrs. Marten, and the pig was careering over the garden, "terror giving wings to its feet."

It was at this moment that a small man popped his head over the garden fence and enquired:

"Is that your pig, marm?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Marten shortly, and after giving one glance of dismay at a long rent in the front of her dress started in hot pursuit. The pig ran and she ran, and it was just when flight and pursuit were at the hottest that the small man again popped his head over the fence, and queried in a sharp *staccato* voice—"Sure that's your pig marm?"

Mrs. Marten deigned no reply. In truth, by this time she had no breath to waste in idle words; for as I have before told you, Mrs. Marten, though not a large woman, weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds, and it was a warm July day. Through turnips, potatoes, carrots, cabbages, rushed the terrified little animal with Mrs. Marten close at his heels. The chase had lasted about twenty minutes. The pig's breathing was difficult and its flanks heaved painfully. Mrs. Marten panted in short gasps, but still kept on, regardless of the fact that large pieces of a pale blue muslin dress were clinging to plum trees and currant bushes, and that not more than half of the original robe retained its place upon her person. It was just when pursuer and pursued were nearly exhausted, that piggy's instincts led him to a little brook that ran at the lower end of the garden, and he slowly dragged his now sinking frame to the spot, plunged into the water, and quietly waded down the stream.

"All saw the deed, the purpose knew."

And Mrs. Marten knew that where the stream passed under the fence on its way through stretches of field and woodland there was an aperture sufficiently wide to admit of the egress of an animal even larger than the one she was in pursuit of, and she redoubled her efforts to save her retreating property. Thus the two arrived simultaneously at the critical spot, and with a last desperate effort Mrs. Marten leaped into the stream, and being aware of her former error in taking it up bodily, grasped the unlucky porker by the left rear leg and endeavored to draw him up on to the bank; but Mrs. Marten was exhausted and two hundred and twenty-five pounds in a muddy place is a great drawback.

In vain she struggled to free her extremities from the stiff black mud, she only sank deeper, but still grasped the leg firmly. The hinder part of the little animal being thus raised his nose sank under water, where he gurgled feebly. He was too weak to make any further struggle, and there was every prospect of the property being drowned and Mrs. Marten treading the downward path till she disappeared from view, when the little old man again appeared on the scene.

"You've had a hard run, but you've caught him at last, marm," said the little man, a smile he was unable to control breaking like sunshine over his sallow little face.

"Here, let me help you," and he dragged the unhappy animal to land, and there it lay panting and subdued by exhaustion, while he reached a hand to the lady and with much difficulty rescued her from her uncomfortable position, from which she emerged minus a shoe and with her clothing in a most forlorn and bedraggled condition.

"You are sure this is your pig, marm?" again queried the man as he took the small animal in his arms, where it grunted and struggled feebly.

"Sure!" echoed Mrs. Marten breathlessly. "Do you think I would have taken the trouble to catch it if it had not been mine?"

"Well, marm, where shall I put him for you?"

Mrs. Marten slowly and pantingly led the way to the pen.

"Here, drop him in here," and she approached the enclosure dedicated to him and his race. "Drop him in here." At the same moment she glanced into the pen and beheld two little white pigs stretched on the ground at full length, heads to tails, sleeping peacefully, their little pink noses vibrating gently as they breathed the soft summer air, and she exclaimed, "Oh, my gracious! It's not my pig after all!"

"Well, I thought not, but I did not like to contradict a lady," replied the small man, smiling blandly. "I've been looking for him all the morning. Thank you, marm, for catching him for me," and with a brilliantly illuminated countenance the man departed with his property, and Mrs. Marten, glancing round the corner of the house to see if he closed the gate, saw him admit lady guest, No. 1, for the tea party.

Here let us draw a veil over Mrs. Marten, for she was much in need of a covering, and no one knows how long that lady waited before her hostess came down to receive her in a black stuff dress much the worse for wear, or how she lamented the loss of the blue muslin.

MORAL:

Be sure, in future, dear lady, that your pig is out before you give chase, and if you must give chase, don't choose for the sport the day that you expect friends to tea. Don't, if possible, select a hot day in July, especially if your weight be anywhere in the neighborhood of two hundred and twenty-five pounds avoirdupois, but above all things, let me beg of you: Don't wear for the occasion a blue muslin dress fresh from the ironing table.

'Varsity Chat.

THE annual examinations are now in progress and six hundred and fifty candidates are endeavoring to convince the examiners that they have a fair knowledge of their work. The ordeal will continue to the end of the month. Early in June the results will be announced, and for a few days those who succeed will be exercised in recalling the names of the unfortunates who succumbed in the struggle.

*

Rev. Heber John Hamilton, B. A., dean of Wycliffe College, has resigned. He has been dean for three years.

*

Messrs. Laschinger, Thomson, Anderson, Playfair, Mitchell, Laing, Goodwin, Ross, Smith, Fairchild, Prentice, Allison, Allan, McEntee, White, Lee, Milne and Langtry have successfully passed their final examinations at the School of Practical Science. The winners of prizes at the recent examinations are: Civil and mechanical engineering—third year—1st, E. J. Laschinger; 2nd, C. Fairchild. Second year—1st, A. J. McPherson; 2nd, R. B. Watson. First year—1st, A. E. Bergey; 2nd, R. W. Angus. Architecture—first year—J. A. Ewart. After the examinations the members of the graduating class held a farewell reunion in a down-town lodge room. Why they chose such a place I will not conjecture, but the boys had no fear of the goat, and they were light-hearted and jolly throughout the proceedings. Mr. A. G. Anderson, president of the class, occupied the chair, and present with him were the following: Messrs. N. L. Playfair, vice-president; E. J. Laschinger, secretary-treasurer; R. W. Thomson, J. B. Goodwin, A. T. Laing, B. McEntee, C. Fairchild, C. H. Mitchell, T. H. Allison, T. A. Ross, Albert Smith, J. M. Prentice, civil engineers; Messrs. A. V. White, W. A. Lee, C. J. Milne, mechanical and electrical; Mr. C. E. Langley, architect; Mr. W. Lawson, analytical chemist. Mr. C. H. Mitchell read a very amusing history of each individual member of the class, and all enjoyed the neat bouquet set before them. Songs and speeches, interrupted by a brilliant outpouring of wittiicism, made the evening pass away in a very pleasant manner. An adjournment was afterwards made to the residence of the caretaker of the school, Mr. W. J. Graham, 102 Baldwin street, where they presented him with a gold-mounted fountain pen as a token of the esteem in which he is held by the departing students. The class includes the first graduates in mechanical engineering and in architecture from the school.

*

The closing exercises at McMaster University are always a signal that much business will be transacted at the time by the senate. The "closing" began on Sunday evening in the Jarvis street Baptist church, when a sermon to young missionaries was preached by Rev. E. W. Dodson, B. A., Woodstock. The final act in the proceedings was brought to a close on Tuesday evening, when it was announced that degrees and diplomas had been granted by the senate as follows: Mr. T. J. Bennett, English course; Mr. J. E. Chute, bachelor of theology; Mr. A. P. McDonald, bachelor of theology; Mr. L. H. Steinhoff, English course; Mr. A. White, English course; Rev. D. Beddick, B. A., bachelor of theology; Rev. H. C. Speller, Ad eundem gradum (graduate of Theological Department, Woodstock); Rev. W. J. McKay, B. A., bachelor of divinity. Honorary degrees—Rev. J. McLaurin, Bangalore, India, doctor of divinity; Rev. J. Denovan, Toronto, doctor of divinity.

*

Prof. W. J. Ashley, M. A., is now in England where he will occupy himself for some months in issuing a book.

*

Mr. A. F. Chamberlin, M. A., (Toronto), Ph. D., (Clark University, Mass.), is in the city. He was for three years fellow here and by his studies and researches has gained for himself a reputation as an anthropologist.

*

I will deal with the medical boys next week and will have something to say about them as they are a jolly lot.

JUNIOR.

She Preferred a Grand Jury.

"If you were a—a jury, Clara," said the embarrassed young lawyer hesitatingly, "I could plead my cause with more self-possession. In the courts of—er—of love I don't think I can claim to be a first-class advocate."

"Perhaps you have not had an extensive practice in such courts, William," suggested the maiden softly.

"That's it, exactly, Clara!" eagerly rejoined the young man, moving his chair a little nearer. "I'm a new hand at this business. But if I could feel sure the jury——"

"Meaning me?"

"Yes—wasn't prejudiced against the advocate——"

"Meaning you?"

"Yes—why, then, I might——"

"What kind of jury are you considering me, William?" she asked, with eyes downcast.

"A—h'm—common jury, of course. You couldn't be a grand jury, you know, dar——"

"Why not?"

"Because I don't plead before grand juries."

"I think, William," said the young girl, blushing, "I would rather for this occasion be considered a grand jury."

"Why?"

"Because"—and she hid her face somewhere in the vicinity of his coat collar—"I have found a true Bill!"

A Good Principle.

"My son called me an old crank the other day, and my wife wouldn't let me punish him."

"Why not?"

"She said a child never should be punished for telling the truth."

Particular.

"Give me a few pennies, sir, to——"

"Here. Here's a quarter for you, poor fellow."

"Thank you, sir; but—er—this is an American quarter, sir, and I don't take American or mutilated coin."

Proven.

First English Tourist—Say, me deah fellah, they say an Hamerican hallways ahnswers a question by shaking one. Let's try it and see for ourselves.

Second English Tourist—Try the fellah at the windah, me deah boy.

First English Tourist—Aw, me good fellah, what time does the next train leave?

Official—Where to?—*Puck.*

MY FELLOW COUNTRYMAN

By GEORGINA FRASER NEWHALL.

Written for Saturday Night.

It was to be an eventful day. I knew that much. Just how it was to brim with occurrences I had not the slightest conception or I should not have lent a moment to a consideration of the respective becomingness of a puritanic linen collar or a soft lace frill.

I knew it was the day on which I was to receive a legacy which had been lying in wait for the accomplishment of my twenty-one years. I knew also that its receipt was to lift "the family" from a continual struggle to make both ends meet into a position of modest competency. In those days the weal or woe of one member meant the rise and fall of all, and we always spoke of our loving little commonwealth as "the family."

I knew that this was not such an influx of wealth as would allow me to relinquish my profession, but I was also aware (delightful knowledge!) that it would be sufficient to enable me to devote my entire salary in the future to the gratification of my own whims and caprices, self-indulgent or otherwise.

It was scarcely any wonder therefore that as I dressed I sang with considerably more heart than culture:

"Oh, hey! for one-and-twenty I am."

But, as I have said, had I known on this particular day all that was to transpire before I should lay hands on the coveted legacy, I should not have deliberated for an instant but should have gone devoid of all embellishment in the way of frill or collar to this one day at least. Just at that time, though, I had reasons, very excellent reasons I thought, for being anxious about my personal appearance. Candidly, aside from these reasons, I am a very vain woman and it was greatly this, my besetting sin, which helped to place me in the extraordinary position which I was to occupy before the day was out.

Little else but the legacy was talked of at our breakfast table that morning, only an occasional digression being made in order to decide which rooms were to have new carpets and what furniture would bear renovation. The money was certain to have to go to Minneapolis by that time. I had been notified that it would probably reach that city by Wednesday or Thursday and I was daily calling for it thus far in order to avoid disappointment. I was to leave my desk in St. Paul earlier than usual, to take a car from the office to the depot to the express office, secure my precious bundle and drive to the nearest bank where I was to deposit all but five hundred dollars, which sum, we had decided, would be necessary to cover the expense of refurnishing the house and replenishing exhausted wardrobes.

No alarm was felt by anybody at the thought of carrying so much money on my young and very slender person. The family were convinced I should be sure to do the right thing as I was generally allowed to represent all the discretion and astuteness of our household combined with a complete monopoly of business ability.

It was a terribly stormy morning. Rapidly as I ploughed through the drifts, staggering from side to side of the road, I realized that it would be an impossibility for me to reach South Minneapolis in time for the 8.15 train. This was the train I usually took every morning in order to reach my office in St. Paul. I was assistant secretary to the general manager of the Great Northern and Occidental Railroad. Let me also tell you I was, and am, and ever shall be—provided Canada is never annexed—a thorough-going Canadian of the nothing-so-good as-Canada type. I speak Canadian, I think Canadian and I talk Canadian, and where will you get a prettier accent in the whole world.

Sure enough, when I reached the little depot I was just in time to see the snow-laden rear platform disappearing. My time not being my own to waste in deponing envy, I made a rush and contrived to catch a train running round by Minnehaha Falls and Fort Snelling. Now, as a usual thing this train—which is or was then only an accommodation—is not greatly patronized by the public as passengers. On this occasion, however, probably many like myself having been detained by the storm, the train was well filled. So much so that I had to content myself with that apology for a seat which is generally crowded in a fond of a first-class car. Settling myself as comfortably as I could, after blinking the drops off my eyelashes and touching my bangs with a tender hand to remove the snow lodged therein, I began a survey of the passengers. This did not occupy many minutes, most of them being already known to me.

There was the man who, when plaids were in fashion, always resorted to a pair of 42nd tartan trowsers, and, when stripes were more in vogue, chose such startling combinations of color that one was prompted in looking at him to consider the zebra long "the toilleth not." There was the man who always wore his *redingote*, so to speak, and his silk hat, on three hairs; and last, but most interesting, the fierce, black-eyed Southerner, who was forever assuring us all that "the niggers, by Jawve, evah, evah, evah, should be slaves." I have endeavored to be precise in repeating his aster ion. He was always emphatic—very, especially when there were repeats on the train, in which case I used to drop my head for a few minutes, after one of his speeches, and search on the floor for some mythical article, just until I felt satisfied that there were no firearms aboard.

None of the other passengers were of the attractively peculiar or peculiarly attractive type. I am speaking of the masculine portion. The only others in female garb beside myself were two nuns, who occupied seats facing me, but across the aisle. I was aware of being the object of a keen scrutiny before I had time to include them in my survey. By the time my gaze had traveled far as the younger of the two, I felt inclined to return this scrutiny with interest. There was something so unlike the bovine stare of the average nun in this little woman's twinkling eyes; something so like a flush of excitement on her cheek that I could not forbear looking at her again and again, notwithstanding that without the blizzard raged in all his wildest beauty. She was such an uncommonly worldly looking little nun, her eyes crossed swords with mine in a manner so unconventional that she fascinated me. Her lips were finely formed and like the red, red rose, seeming better fitted for the warbling of love songs than the murmuring of chants. These characteristics more even than a certain sense of familiarity with her appearance attracted me inexplicably. For some time I did not think of looking at her companion. At last, however, a deep drawn sigh and one expressive of angry impatience drew my astonished gaze to her face. I met in return the frowning gaze of a pair of sapphire eyes. Seeing the surprise expressed in my countenance the frown died out of the eyes, the bent brows relaxed, while the appearance of complacence overspread every feature. If it had not been the face of a nun—if it had been the face of a man I should almost have said there was a look of positive admiration. I have been told that the generality of men consider me a very attractive woman with my masses of golden hair and large brown eyes. It was some seconds, nay minutes, before my startled politeness nestled down again in my bosom. For in the nun's face lay the whole secret of her sensitive retirement from the world. How I overflowed with pity! For despite the sapphire eyes, the penciled brows, the pink and white complexion and full red lips, this woman could never have been called a type of womanly beauty, for she had also—a mustache. Not one of those faint pencillings, which only emphasize the beauty of a pair of proudly curved lips, but a good three days' growth of stubbly white hair, which looked, too, as though tolerably familiar with a razor; a mustache that would have filled the breast of a young man of twenty-three with pardonable pride, but which was positively damning to the hopes of any young, romantic girl. I retired into the corner and sank into a reverie in which I pictured this poor creature's life before she had sought the seclusion of the cloister. I thanked Heaven that my own personal defects were those of omission rather than commission, little deficiencies which Nature's half sister could supply if necessary readily supply. I pictured her over head and ears in love with someone who held her in scorn because of her unfeminine adjunct; fancied her despair as lotion after lotion, patent medicine after patent medicine failed to remove these quite too awfully superfluous hairs. Then, just as I was winding up my romance by her final and grief-stricken retirement to the convent, I stole another glance just to judge how many years her seclusion had lasted. She was chewing! chewing faintly and surreptitiously, her eyes fixed on me with the same appearance of admiration I had thought I detected before. Will you believe it, every atom of the sympathy with which my bosom had overflowed took flight. I took sides with the nun of the romance I had conjured up. Gum (it could not be tobacco!) and a mustache! No wonder he would have nothing to do with her! Good Heaven! These awful Americans. I continued to think, did they hold anything sacred! Was there a contract, civil or religious, legal or political, the terms of which they did not evade! Had this nun not sworn to eschew the flesh pots as well as the pomps and vanities of life? Then it occurred to me that perhaps tutti frutti and sweet fern had come to be considered part of the necessaries of life in conventual as well as social life in the United States, and my indignation partially subsided.

We were by this time approaching St. Paul. The men in the car were beginning to scramble into their overcoats. I concluded to wait for my fellow-countrywoman and my female companions so that I might convey an accurate description to "the family." (The family is composed of a very imaginative body of women.) The little nun was busy with a large sort of work-bag, the strings of which she seemed to be loosening rather than tying, and in which she appeared to be articles of a bulky nature. My sapphire-eyed friend was shifting about uneasily on her seat watching every crossing we observed the city, or turning to look with visible anxiety at either door. The train stopped. "St. Paul," shouted the brakeman, with the accent on the "S." The nun hastily departed with a degree of alacrity of which only Americans are capable. The two nuns and I were left alone. "Other door lady," said the brakeman, as I endeavored to imitate the haste of the others and make my exit by the rear door. I started forward but had not gone two steps before "crash" came the yard engine against our car, sending it flying down the yard and me reeling along the aisle.

"Are you hurt, my dear, dear lady. Ladies always take too long to think about getting off," said the brakeman, and he proceeded to lock both doors, without waiting to listen to my prayers and protestations.

"Hurry up Jim;" upon which my sapphire-eyed nun pulled the bell-rope and showed a mass of auburn cut flaxen hair; dropped off her shawl and dress and stood arrayed in shirt and trowsers. The little nun abstracted a vest, coat, overcoat and hat from her bag, in which garments Jim proceeded to clothe himself. Buttoning his overcoat to his throat—he was quite a gentlemanly looking fellow, though very womanish—he walked down the aisle to where I stood stricken dumb with amazement and fright.

"Don't be the least alarmed, miss," said he in a courteous tone, but with a bold stare of admiration. "I am no tough, though I am driven to disguise of this kind. No, indeed, I would not hurt a hair of your head, though it is pretty enough for any man to wish for a lock of it. I am no worse than a man ruined by injudicious speculation. A Canadian——"

"A Canadian!" I gasped.

"Yes, m'm, a Canadian, like yourself. Oh, I was pretty sure you were a Canadian lady when I saw you, and when I heard you talk I was sure of it. Canadians are better complected than Americans."

I own I winced at the word "complected," it was so un-Canadian. He saw he had blundered and hastened to add:

"I have been a fool, miss, perhaps worse, to get myself into such a scrape, but——"

"Oh," said I soothingly (I was always too susceptible—"when a man begins to see his mistakes he is half way toward reparation."

"That's just it. Let me get the chance to begin life over again, lady. It is dreadful to be hunted. It is three days since I left——" he seemed doubtful whether he should tell me where he left.

Something I had heard flashed into my mind. "Was it Brantford?" said I timidly, yet feeling I was taking advantage of the confidence reposed in me by asking questions.

"The very place," he whispered.

"Well," said I, moved by that enormous generosity of which a woman is capable when she is in the presence of a male beauty, or when she has been flattered, or last but not least when she is just as curious (that is the word we use out west) as I was by the circumstances in which I was playing a part, "you have nothing to fear from me. I will say nothing of my meeting with you for at least a week, or longer if you wish."

All this time we had been whirling up and down the yard, getting further and further away from observation, and even now the train side-tracked at some distance from the depot.

"Come on now, Jim; 'ain't it time for soft soap. Quick!—this side," said the brakeman.

"Thank you, miss, a week will do," said Jim as he and his companion jumped off and disappeared among the freight cars.

The brakeman helped me off silently. Whether he thought he could trust me or whether he felt doubtful of my discretion, I cannot say, he said nothing further. I picked my way back over the track to the depot, and reached the office before the forenoon was quite spent.

I was a little bit the incognuritive of the circumstances and the story forced their way into my mind, and at last, just before I closed my desk for the day, my fellow-clerk, who had come earlier than usual, I said: "Mr. West, will you let me see the photo you received of the man who skipped out from Sandford, Jones? I heard you say yesterday afternoon that you had been asked to look out for him!"

Mr. West handed the photo across his desk. The face was not that of my fellow-companion.

My reflections were not very soothing, but the excitement of the important errand on which I was bent served to banish them for the moment. As I left the office Mr. West drew on his overcoat and accompanied my startled exclamation of consternation. I gravely and conscientiously pointed out to him that the business of the railroad would be at a standstill during the absence. To which he briefly replied that the business of the company as compared with the safety of a certain very conceited and altogether too self-reliant Canadian girl was a very small affair indeed to him. Upon which I yielded the point. To be sure, it was not the first time he had accompanied me homeward, and I had a guilty consciousness that a long course of deliberations over my frill and collars might have brought this upon me. As my train were soon rushing toward Minneapolis, my companion complaining of my silence and I much too full of thoughts of new dresses and hats and a long-wished-for trip to my own beloved land to feel very talkative. In an incredibly short space of time, it seemed to me, we were standing in front of the small window in the express office enquiring for a consignment of money addressed to Miss Evelyn Stairs. The clerk bustled away into a back room and after being gone for some time returned with a slight frown upon his face to consult the delivery book. Then, regarding us with a comprehensive stare he said: "Yes, sir, the consignment was delivered and signed for yesterday."

We looked at one another, I being only bewildered, not alarmed.

"But this is Miss Evelyn Stairs," said Mr. West quickly.

The frown on the clerk's face grew deeper and his gaze more penetrating. He consulted the book again, then said abruptly to a younger clerk who had entered the compartment: "Charlie, do you know anything about this?" He ran his finger along under the entry in the book.

"Yes, sir," said Charlie, looking past his superior at us as we stood at the window, "I delivered the money to the young lady herself Saturday afternoon. It came in during the morning and was called for by Miss Stairs in the afternoon."

"Young from the house could have come in your stead and got the money, Miss Stairs? Are you quite sure?" said Mr. West.

"Oh, no; I am quite sure," said I.

I was beginning to feel vaguely alarmed. Both men were earnestly regarding us from the inside window.

"Do you know me?" said Mr. West as he hunted through his pockets for a card.

"Yes, sir," said the elderly clerk, "you are from the N. and O. offices in St. Paul. I know you well by sight."

"Then let me assure you that this is Miss Stairs, and she must have been personated by someone who was aware of the arrival of this money."

"Will you step upstairs, sir, to the superintendent's office," said the chief clerk quickly. "Harris,"—to a clerk in another compartment—"attend to the window will you! Come Charlie," and we all silently ascended the stairs to the superintendent's office, a very quiet group of people but very solemn. I trembling from head to foot, for I was now fully aware of the calamity which had befallen me. The circumstances were quickly reported to the official, who lost no time in telephoning for a detective. We waited in dreary silence for his arrival. Ah, ravishing dresses and hats and dainty boots, where had they vanished! Ah dear, kind, well remembered faces and kind voices, where were you? Ah poor, weak, timid souls at home now doomed to disappointment! These were my distracting thoughts, when the detective entered. He began by questioning me. I told him the circumstances relating to the legacy, but could give no information which would account for its disappearance.

"To whom did you mention that you were expecting this legacy, Miss Stairs?" he enquired.

"Only to Mr. West. I had to get his permission to leave the office earlier than usual, and as he is a very intimate friend I told him why I desired to go."

"When did this conversation occur?"

"In the Soo Minneapolis depot yesterday morning, when we were waiting for the train for St. Paul."

"Was anybody else present at the time?"

"No, I think not. I think we were quite alone."

"There was a nun, was there not, Evelyn?" said Mr. West interrupting.

"Was there?" I said doubtfully. "I did not notice—at least, I do not remember," and then as I tried to recollect it seemed to me I could recalled the presence of someone who looked—oh, whom did she look like? Ah! the very little nun of my morning's adventure.

"Yes, I remember distinctly," continued Mr. West, "because I was surprised to see there was any other occupant of the room. She had been sitting so quietly on the other side of the stove."

"Now, Charlie," said the detective in suave tones, "tell us all you know about it."

"Well, sir, yesterday afternoon, when it was almost dark, a lady came into the office and asked if a money parcel addressed to Miss Stairs had arrived. I told her that I believed it had. She said she would take it along with her. I informed her that she would require to be identified by someone before I could give it to her. She said she had only been a few days in Minneapolis, and her only acquaintances were the nun, among whom she was visiting. Her aunt was the mother superior of the Carmelites, and she asked me if identification by her would suffice. I said, 'Yes,' I thought that would be all right. She then said she would go and get her aunt, who was sitting in the carriage a short distance up the avenue. She went out and returned in less than five minutes with a very tall nun, who called herself Mother Agnes of the Carmelites and who said that this was her niece, Miss Stairs. Upon which I handed over the money. The young lady signed for it and they left immediately."

"Did you know it to be Mother Agnes personally?"

"No, sir," said the clerk dejectedly. "I did not. Unfortunately I thought it must be all right as she was a nun."

"Humph—what description of them can you give?"

"The younger of the two was small, with dark eyes, I think. She was a pretty little thing. I did not notice what she wore, a seal jacket I believe, I don't know what kind of a hat, in fact I cannot remember anything more about her. The one who called herself Mother Agnes was quite a fine-looking woman, except that she had a thick mustache."

"A mustache!" said the detective, and "ah-h," said I, at the same moment.

"Yes, sir, a mustache—almost as bad as a man, only it was very white—something the color of a Swede's."

"You have something more to tell me, Miss Stairs," and the detective swung round in his chair. I poured forth the story of my morning's adventure, and, woman like, could not remember until I was drawing to a close that I had promised not to say a word about it for a week.

"Oh," said I sheepishly, "I quite forgot what I promised."

The men were much amused at me for resenting my breach of faith.

"I think," said the detective as he buttoned up his overcoat, "that I know who has been at the bottom of this little scheme. By fact, from the description, I am positive of my man, who will be caged, or I am greatly mistaken, inside another twenty four hours.

"And the money?" said I eagerly.

"I'm not so sure of that, young lady—not so sure of that."

I regarded him with a helpless feeling that our interests lay very far apart—he wanted the man, I yearned only for my money.

I made a very sorrowful journey home. The small privations which I had already endured, which, in fact, had been scarcely noticed in the past, now seemed to assume proportions which I felt would be unbearable. Her cousin's has a pinching economy!—this turning of dresses after office hours, this social starvation, for notwithstanding my poverty entails one cannot accept entertainment, this constant abstinence from all that lures the heart of youth! How could I suffer all this again and be strong! I could not feel courageous, in fact even though I was told that all the comforts of life should surround me if I would but let Mr. West be their purveyor. Nor could even the assurance of a love which I had only yesterday regarded as an incomparable treasure help me to sustain my loss with resignation. How could I grasp this golden future for myself and leave the family, so impecunious, so utterly helpless, to battle for themselves.

But when I had least expected it I found strength. The surprise and horror of the family at the loss of the money gave way almost instantly to their anxiety for me. For by the time I reached home I was scarcely able to stand. My head ached, my limbs trembled and I was in a burning fever. I was persuaded to go to bed, when I completely abandoned the character of the family bulwark. There I lay as limp as a rag and wept and was petted, piled with hot drinks and rubbed with hot cloths until under the combined influence of all I at last succumbed to sleep.

I was moderately well when at about eleven o'clock I became conscious of my surroundings.

"Go to sleep again darling," whispered someone who was sitting beside my bed, "go to sleep, it is all right. The man has been caught and the money recovered. Mr. West has come all the way back from Minneapolis through this frightful storm to tell us. Would you like to speak to him yourself, dear?"

Instantly all my old-time vanity reasserting itself, I said. "Yes—if my face is not very much swelled."

. . . . . .

"The next day's *Tribune*, after giving a detailed account of the robbery and mentioning the facts of his arrest gave this additional information regarding my acquaintance:

"Jim Reddy *alias* Bob Walker *alias* Gentleman Jim escaped from jail in Kansas City about ten days ago. He is wanted for forgery, for stealing half a dozen diamond rings and, lastly, for attempting to murder his wife. Besides being quite well educated—having been at one time in the auditor's office of the Missouri Valley—he is remarkably good looking and good-looking, having remarkably beautiful eyes. This is the third time he has broken jail, having been assisted on every occasion by a woman. On a previous occasion he fled to Canada where the police are still yearning for him on the score of burglary and assault with intent to kill.

"He, with the woman who is his companion at present, were traced to Sioux City. At that point they succeeded in losing track of them. It is probable that they then assumed the garb under the cloak of which Reddy operated so successfully in the city and the aid of which they succeeded in placing Miss Stairs in the very peculiar position which she occupied as a conniver at the escape of those who were robbing herself. Reddy is a native of Minnesota, having been born and brought up at Mineral City, which place he seems determined to make famous as the birthplace of a most desperate criminal."

. . . . . .

And thank Heaven, he was not my fellow-countryman after all!

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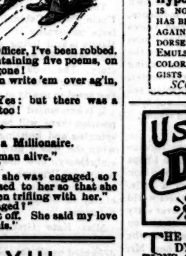

Excited Individual—Officer, I've been robbed. I left a paper parcel, containing five poems, on that bench, and now it is gone!

Officer—Well, you can write 'em over ag'in, can't you!

Excited Individual—Yes; but there was a sandwich in the parcel, too!

The Trials of a Millionaire.

"I am the unluckiest man alive."

"What's the matter?"

"Why, I heard that she was engaged, so I went around and proposed to her so that she wouldn't think I had been trifling with her."

"And wasn't she engaged?"

"Yes, but she broke it off. She said my love was more sincere than his."

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The Doctor's Penrack.

Away out in the mountains of Arizona stands Fort Dimple, at which are stationed two or three companies of Uncle Sam's soldiers. It is situated on the edge of what is still the wildest and most lawless portion of the United States. During my stay in the little town which has sprung up around the fort, I made the acquaintance of one of the company surgeons, and in his quarters one evening my attention was attracted by a peculiar penrack which stood on his desk. A closer examination showed that it was a man's lower jawbone, with one or two teeth still sticking in it; an ornament grisly enough to attract a less inquisitive person, and one which probably only a doctor would care to possess. Its appearance indicated that it had lain in blazing sun and howling storm for many years, for it was weather-beaten and bleached to snowy whiteness. I asked the doctor for its history, feeling sure that it must have one, and, with his feet on the stove and chair tilted against the table which served as a desk, he told me what I here repeat. Having his back partly turned to me, the doctor did not notice that all he said was being "taken" in shorthand on some stray sheets of Company C paper. Here is the story, although, of course, much of its picturesqueness is lost in putting it on paper:

"Years ago," said the doctor, "there lived down here in Tonto Basin a young fellow named Dick Brown, a crack shot, a splendid horseman, and as brave a man as ever wore high-heeled boots. He had a little bunch of cattle and some horses, with a claim lying close up against the mountain on one side and stretching across a small valley on the other. He was rather a good-looking fellow and was liked by the few settlers in that region, with the exception of old Jim Griffith and his son Bain, with whom he had had trouble over a steer which both he and they claimed. They were his nearest neighbors, their ranch being fifteen miles or so further away in the Basin. Latter on a daughter came out from Kansas to keep house for her father and brother, and to see the wonderful west. I don't suppose there were a dozen women in the county at that time.

"This girl was partially the cause of the trouble which followed, although the feeling between Brown and the Griffiths was bitter, and would probably have resulted in bloodshed sooner or later, any way. Dick was hunting a stray horse one day and met her, a meeting worthy of the rough country and time, and of the romance by which it was followed. It was eight or ten miles from the Griffith place, and the girl's horse, frightened at something or other, was plunging along toward Dick, while she was apparently unable to control it. The girl was an excellent rider, but her saddle was turning, and Dick saw that she was likely to be thrown at any moment. As horse and rider passed him he spurred into the trail behind them, and leaning over as he came abreast, he lifted the young lady from her saddle, and, stopping his horse, let her gently to the ground. Her own horse soon disappeared in the direction of Griffith's ranch. With some remaining trace of his eastern manners, Dick dismounted and introduced himself; then, leading his horse, walked along with the girl towards her home. I suppose he made himself as agreeable as possible, and the accident gave them something to talk about. When they had sauntered along in this fashion for two or three miles, perhaps, old man Griffith appeared on the top of a ridge, coming at a gallop, probably alarmed at the arrival of the girl's horse with the saddle empty and turned. With an instinctive desire to avoid trouble in the presence of a woman, Dick explained in a few words that her father and he were not the best of friends, mounted his horse and turned off into the woods.

"It was a case of 'first sight,' I suppose; to the girl all good-looking men in sombreros and spurs were heroes, and to Dick a pretty face was a novelty not to be easily forgotten. In spite of the opposition of old Jim and his son, they met frequently and Dick must have improved the time, for within a month it was agreed that they should go to the Fort and get married. These meetings, of course, were kept a secret from both father and brother; but one afternoon, while riding together, they saw Bain at a distance and he no doubt saw them, but he had no desire for a brush with Dick, and quickly turned off in another direction. Not knowing what the old man's opposition might lead him to do now that they had been discovered, Dick proposed that they slip off next morning for the Fort; and, after some persuasion, the girl consented.

"Daylight next morning found them in the saddle at a place where they had agreed to meet; by noon they were half way to the Fort, and within a short distance of Lone Rock, an enormous boulder which stands in the middle of the valley like a sentinel. On the side of the trail opposite this rock a small brook, dry in summer, has cut a shallow bed. In the rocks a little further on is a natural basin, or tank, which nearly always contains water enough for the few passing teams and horsemen. On account of this water, miserably filthy as it is, Lone Rock is still used as a camping place by travelers. Just as they reached this rock the girl's horse stumbled and fell, throwing her over its head. She received only a few scratches, however, but as the horse regained its feet, Dick saw there was no hope of going further with the animal. Jumping from his saddle to examine more closely the bleeding knee, he glanced back up the trail as he had done a hundred times that morning, and away in the distance he saw a cloud of dust coming down the hill. The girl saw it almost at the same instant, and both understood what it meant. It was Old Jim and Bain.

"Dick knew the chances were decidedly against him if the two pursuers caught him prepared. Without an instant's hesitation he jerked the saddle from the crippled horse, transferred it to his own, helped the frightened girl to mount, and with a hurried good-bye told her to ride hard for the Fort. It was no time nor place for sentiment, and with scarcely a word she was gone. Dick led the lame horse across to Lone Rock, and by means of his lariat and a trick which horse breakers know, threw him with his back away from the rock and put a bullet through the poor brute's head. Poor as it was, the shelter afforded by the dead horse was about his only chance; to escape on foot from two mounted and desperate men was almost impossible, and resistance was hopeless without some protection. He was none too quick, for as he dropped between the dead horse and the rock, there came the sharp crack of a rifle and a bullet flattened itself just above his head.

"That evening as the sun was dropping behind Old Frisco, a wagon train bringing supplies for Fort Dimple came in sight around a bend of the road. As it approached Lone Rock the attention of the soldiers accompanying the wagons was drawn to two saddled and bridled mean horses browsing near by. A little further on lay another saddle. As the wagons came nearer, a young surgeon who was with the party, noticed another horse, apparently dead, lying close against the rock. He went across to examine it more closely; not a soul was in sight about the rock, nor were there any signs of a camp. On reaching the dead horse, he found a man grasping his rifle with both hands and covered with blood from a wound in the temple, lying huddled up apparently dead between horse and rock. Everything showed that there had been a desperate battle, and the empty shells in the extemporized fort were evidence that the man had 'stayed with them while he lasted,' as one of the soldiers said. The rest of the party came up and stood looking on, offering suggestions as to what the 'trouble' had been. As they walked about, one of them, more observant than the others, noticed that the shots had been fired from two directions, as was shown by the bullet marks on the horse and the rock. This, with the find up of the two riderless horses, led several to start off in the directions from which the bullets had apparently come, and soon resulted in the finding of two more dead men, one in the bed of the dry creek opposite, and the other behind a clump of sage brush at the right. Meanwhile, the doctor had been examining the man behind the horse, and found him still alive though desperately wounded and unconscious. He was tenderly lifted out of his cramped position, laid on some blankets and given such attentions as were possible.

"Well, to shorten a long story, Old Jim and his son were buried on a little knoll not far from Lone Rock, and Dick was carefully carried to Fort Dimple next day, where, after weeks of hovering between life and death, he recovered from a wound that ought to have killed him. All this time we (of course, I was the doctor) had been puzzling our heads trying to make out how, in a three cornered skirmish, two of the participants could have been killed, while the third was as good as dead when we found him. But the explanation, when Dick was able to give it, was simple enough. While still some distance away the Griffiths dismounted and separated, Old Jim taking to the dry creek, down which he crawled till opposite the rock; while the boy, turning off on the other side of the trail, attempted to creep up unseen on Dick's flank. Crouching against the rock, Dick dared not raise his head, but lay watching for Bain. At last he saw a puff of smoke from a bunch of sage brush, and a bullet struck within a foot of him. He replied with several shots, the result of which the soldiers discovered some hours later. The older Griffith blazed away now and then, once cutting a hole through the crown of Dick's hat when he pushed it up into view. After waiting a long time considering what to do, Dick, with rifle ready, raised his head above the dead horse and caught a glimpse of Old Jim; the latter was ready and both fired. Dick saw the smoke from the old man's rifle, the sky flashed full of meteors and fire works, and then all was a blank till he found himself in bed at the Fort, with Jennie Griffith bathing his face. It might be interesting to figure out exactly how each other those bullets must have passed, one man being struck in the middle of the forehead and the other at the corner of the right eye. By the way, we saved Dick's eye and he is as handy with a Winchester now as then. He has a big hole in his temple, though, by which to remember that day at Lone Rock. And, of course, he married Jennie Griffith."

"And this?" said I, tapping the penrack.

"I picked that up on a little knoll near Lone Rock," said the doctor, as his feet slipped off the stove and he turned half round: I was putting down his last word. "You young scamp," he shouted, "have you been taking down my little story?"

"I was only practicing," I replied. "Let's go and have something."

While we were having something, a big well built man came up behind the doctor and said, with a slap on the back:

"How are you, doc?"

"Hello, old man; when'd you get in? Have something?" returned the doctor, shaking the stranger's hand heartily.

As the newcomer pushed back his broad-brimmed white hat, I noticed a great dent in his right temple into which one could have put a thimble endwise. The doctor and I exchanged looks. It was Dick.

A wild story, some one will say. But it is a wild country even now, and in those days law was almost unknown, and every man looked to his rifle and six-shooter as his only protection. Than a girl should have married a man who had killed her father and brother, while possibly not romantic, is a further evidence of the sternness and reality of frontier life. A good many people in Arizona will recognize this story and the actors in it; among them, perhaps, my friend, the doctor. And I might just say that I have never met a more kindly or wholesoulled fellow than the one who carries such a remarkable scar upon his temple.

The doctor afterwards gave me that pen-rack, and I shall be glad to favor my stenographic brethren and sisters with a view of it at any time.—*W. A. Butchart in the National Stenographer.*

Kindly Considerate.

Mr. Mayfirst—I will take the children to the park, Alice, in order to get them out of your way, while you settle the things in order a little.

A Constitutional Disability.

Mae Tonsey—Look at that man! You might know he is English. No American would keep his seat in a car while a woman is standing.

Ethel Van Nobs—Hush, dear; that's D'Arcy Plantagenet De Vere! His ancestors wore armor for so many centuries that he finds the greatest difficulty in rising.

Point of View.

Miss Van Million (on Adelaide street)—Don't you feel sorry, Mr. Dudekin, for those poor over-worked street laborers!

Dudekin—Ya-as; and think of wearing those coarse and dwedfully cut blue twousers!

Phelan (in the trench)—McCarty, phwat wud yez do av the boss sat yez to wear clo's like thim on the thing yonder!

McCarty—Be gorry! Ol'd sthrolke.

Unpardonable.

"My wife has sent me around to thrash the society editor," he announced, as he entered the editorial rooms.

"What's the trouble?" asked the chief.

"In writing up her dinner and ball last night he neglected to call it a function. That calls for blood. Let me get my hands on the villain!"

Caution Necessary.

"Cards never lies, an' you're to marry a Russian milingtary officer, a widderer, who owns a castile an' a black horse, an' a carridge with red an' yaller wheels, but there's an empress wot's jellus of yer an' yer got to be keerful."—*Life.*

No Music in His Soul.

Uncle Humsted—What kind of a show was that?

Bessie Morris—A symphony concert.

Uncle Humsted—A sympathy concert, eh? Wal', I must say I have a good deal of sympathy fer them as has to go to 'em regular.

Too Late to be Noticed.

Sally Humsted—New York is a terribly noisy place. I should think the sound of the milk carts rattling through the streets at three or four o'clock in the morning would drive you nearly crazy.

Madison Squeers—Oh, well, you see, most of us are in bed and asleep by that time.

A Good Samaritan.

Mrs. Lotos—Poor Mrs. Lovey is ill, and I must go and see her.

Mr. Lotos—An errand of mercy, eh?

Mrs. Lotos—Partly; and then I want to see how she looks with her hair down.

A Real Case of Conscience.

He—I did not see you at the Mawly ball on Wednesday, Miss Farley.

She—No; I was keeping Lent.

He—Why, Lent was over. It was just after Easter.

She—Yes, I know. But I did not begin to keep it until a week after.

No Time for Superfluities.

Minister—Now, give the bride your right hand, and—

Groom—Can't spare it, Square. Her two brothers was only about half a mile behind us, an' they may git here any minute!—*Puck.*

Cleaver's Juvenia Soap

Marvellous Effect!! Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion.

DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT.

The ingredients are perfectly pure, and WE CANNOT SPEAK TOO HIGHLY OF THEM.

The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL.

JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any colouring matter, and contains about the smallest proportion possible of water.

From careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to rank amongst the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. Redwood, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.; T. Hoare Redwood, F.I.C., F.C.S.; A. J. De Haume, F.I.C., F.C.S.

Wholesale Representative for Canada—CHARLES GYDE, 33, St. Nicholas St., Montreal.

Mailing a Parcel.

A stout old colored woman elbowed her way through the crowd at the post office, everybody getting out of reach of the big market basket on her arm. Laying an uncouth looking parcel before the clerk, the following conversation ensued:

"Mister, kin you sen' dat bundle to my son?"

"Where is he?"

"In Injun Ten'ito'y."

"At what town?"

"At dat foht whar dey fights Injuns."

"Which fort?"

"Whar Mars' Tom stay. Foht S'ply."

"All right."

"Mister, will you write de name? I ain't got my specs."

"What's his name?"

"Sam."

"Sam what?"

"Sam Jenkins. De same ez his daddy."

"Well, here it is; Sam Jenkins, Fort Supply, Ind. T."

"What bit gwine cos'?"

"What's in it?"

"Britches fur Sam. I made 'em fur birthday gif'."

"Twenty-five cents."

She put down her basket, took a handkerchief from her pocket, untied a hard knot in the corner and poured out a handful of pennies. He counted them, whereupon she said:

"You needn't to count 'em; I dun hit. Hit's twenty cents."

"You lack five cents."

"Can't you fall dat much?"

"No."

"Well, jes' sen' hit erlong an' I'll fetch you de five cents."

"Can't go till you pay twenty five cents."

"I'll fetch hit 'rectly I cooks Miss Sallie's dinnuh."

"Can't go."

She took her bundle and pennies, counting carefully to see she got all, and shouldered her basket, saying:

"De Present mus' be powerful unercommodatin' not to trus' er ole 'coman wid five cents twel she kin cock her dinnuh. I reck'n I kin 'spress hit."

With this Parthian dart she departed, while the patient clerk turned to the next.

A Give Away.

Minnie Ball—I know you have proposed a great many times since New Year began.

Amy Butt—How do you know?

Minnie Ball—Because your gown is bagged at the knees.

For Sick Headache

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. M. W. Gray, Cave Spring, Ga., says: "I have used it with perfect success in habitual sick headache."

His Opinion.

Civil engineer (in search of data)—Is it not the opinion of many people in this locality that the excessive overflow of these bottom lands is due to the lock and dam system?

Native (of Illinois River bottom)—I reckon.

"Based on the fact that dams retard the velocity of the current and increase the deposit of sediment in the river bottom, thus gradually elevating its bed?"

"I guess that's about hit."

"You have resided in this vicinity many years, have you not?"

"Ever sence I wuz a boy."

"May I ask if your theory coincides with that I have just suggested?"

"Hey?"

"As to the flooding of these bottom lands—I dare say you have an opinion concerning the cause of it?"

"You bet I have."

"In your judgment, then, what is the cause?"

"Rain."

Opinions of the Canadian Press.

Those who suffer from dyspepsia, disorders of the stomach or liver, constipation, bile or wind, and the stomach are strongly recommended to make use of Dr. Sey's Remedy. A few doses of this celebrated medicine cannot fail to afford relief and a speedy cure.—*Le Monde.*

A King Who Has Been Waiting But a few Six Years.

Few people are aware of the strange fact that the late King Alfonso of Spain, who died six years ago, is still unburied and awaiting his final interment in the tomb which has been prepared for his corpse, clothed only in a thin linen garment. The dead king lies on a slab of rock near a running stream of water in a cavern in the side of the mountain on the slope of which the grand old Escurial is built.

There he will remain until his body has attained those peculiar properties of a mummy, and then only will the ghastly object be placed in its niche in that marvelous jasper vault under the great dome of the Escurial Church, where only the remains of Spanish kings and of the mothers of kings are allowed to lie.

Some bodies, notably that of Queen Isabella's father, remained on the rock table for twenty or twenty-five years before they were in fit condition to be transferred to the vault. The name of this weird cavern is the "Pudridor," a name which is also misapplied to the vaults containing the bodies of the Infants and the Infantas.

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I CURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a lifelong study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible cure. Give Express and Post Office address.

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BY ALL CHEMISTS

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CONQUERS PAIN.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

The Bride's Dress

Married in white, you have chosen all right;
Married in gray, you will go far away;
Married in black, you will wish yourself back;
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink;
Married or not, you may have to toil;

BUY FOR RHEUMATISM USE ST. JACOBS OIL

Jack's Gone Home.

"FILL 'em up again," said big Bill Johnston (who was nicknamed The Parson, on account of his powers of oratory). "Now, boys, are you ready?"

"Right you are, Parson; let her go. Here's to the best man that ever threw his leg across his broncho, laid out a red-pelt, or snubbed a lariat. Hurrah for Jack!"

"Hear, hear! you bet."

"Now, boys, as Jack is starting for home today, let's give him a send-off that will riz his har."

"That's what we will," roared the crowd.

"Thank you, boys, I'll never forget the times we've had together, nor your kindness to me while with you; but I feel I must go and see my old mother once again; I'm all she has left, boys, and I know she has been looking for me this many a day, God bless her."

"She will look for him," croaked the raven Jim, who occupied a position back of the bar, and who put in the most of his time rubbing his bill on the polished barrel of a six-shooter, when it was not in use.

"She will look for him. Shut up, ye imp of Satan," roared the Parson. "I'll wring yer neck. Say pards, I always get the graveyard creeps when that thing croaks."

This scene took place in a shanty, owned by Kentucky Joe, forty miles up the Missouri from Fort Benton, where the boys from around were wont to go for their poison and a game of poker.

"Well, boys, here's to you all, and then I must be off, for I want to make the Half-way before the night; the year is closing in you know, and I don't want to run any chances on a blizzard."

"The blizzard, the blizzard," shrieked the raven, amid the hand-shakes and God-speeds as Jack rode from the shanty. Most of the boys secretly wiped a tear away as Jack rode off, for he was a man among men, with a heart of gold, and loved by all who knew him. About half an hour after Jack left, the boys were all seated around the room at the different tables, in sets of four, deeply intent on as many games of freeze-out, and many were the yarns told in which Jack had had a hand. Suddenly all became conscious the wind was up and beginning to sing its weird song about the shanty. Kentucky Joe, although he held four of a kind, laid down his hand, went to the door and looked out. "It's been snowing, boys," said he, "and we're going to have a snorter." In a minute every man was at the door, their games forgotten and the chips and money left scattered on the tables. "I'll bet my buckskins," said Joe Picket, "she'll blow a blizzard before twenty minutes, and if she does, may God help Jack!"

"Let us pray," said the raven, who was vainly trying to swallow a poker chip.

In less time than was predicted the storm was raging in all its fury, and the blanched faces of the men told only too well of Jack's danger. The blizzard had come.

In the meantime Jack was using both spur and quirt to urge his horse on to a greater rate of speed, but the snow was beginning to drift, and the horse at last wheeled around with his back to the storm and refused to move.

"This is bad," muttered Jack as he finished some of the stuff that warms, out of his saddle bag, for he was chilled to the bone. His horse would not travel against the storm, and it mattered not if he would, for the trail was covered up and all shut out of sight by the scurrying snow. "I'm not more than six or seven miles from Half-way, and if I can hold out till the storm breaks I'm all right. If not—"

"Whoa!" He then dismounted and untied his lariat from the side of his saddle, and fastening one end of it to the horn he took the other end in his hand and began to walk up and down beside his horse, valiaty trying to get heat into his freezing blood.

The night came on and colder blew the storm, the flurrying snow oft-times obscuring his horse from his sight. The crunch, crunch, crunch, in the snow grew slower and told that he was played; a little longer, and then he sank to the ground and the lariat dropped from his hand. He was dimly conscious that his horse was going, then his mind wandered and he was again in the warm shanty among the boys.

"God bless you all. Yes, Bill, I'll write as soon as I get home—won't forget you, won't forget—will send you all a wife. I've come mother—it was cold—I feel warm now—I know you're glad to see me."

The dying wind sang his dirge, the snow formed his shroud, and at the shanty, fifteen miles back, where the men had sat through the long night waiting for the storm to break, big Bill Johnston wrung the raven's neck as it last croaked "Jack's gone home."

CARL ARRENS.

Breaking a Sheep Thief.

A stranger who was up in the 'Possum Ridge country the other day fell in with an old resident of the section and engaged him in conversation. After discoursing on a variety of subjects, from politics down to the latest neighborhood gossip, the old resident said:

"Stranger, I reckon you never knowed old Bob Sykes?"

"No, I never did," the stranger replied.

"You've heard tell of 'im, I low?"

"I do not remember that I ever have."

"Humph! That's quare. I thought shore 'most ever body had heard o' old Bob. He's a mouty noted man."

"Indeed! For what is he noted?"

"For bein' the boss sheep thief o' this yere section."

"Sheep thief!"

"Axackly. I reckon, stranger, it 'ud be mouty hard to figger out jest how many sheep old Bob has stole in his time. He's stole 'em from ever body for ten miles around, an' he jest keeps right on at it, year in an' year out. He stole some from me once."

"Only once?"

"That's all. I broke him off right on the start. You can't guess how?"

"Threatened to have him arrested, I suppose?"

"No, noth'n' o' the kind."

"Threatened to shoot him?"

"Nary."

"Then what did you do?"

"Wal, sir, old Bob stole my sheep one night, an' the next mornin' I missed 'em. I knowed in a minute that he'd got 'em, so I determined to git even with him an' try an' put a stop to his bothersin' 'long o' my property. I figgered out a plan in no time, an' takin' my old pistol, I went over to Bob's house. Bob was settin' in the corner by the fireplace an' Mi's Sykes was cookin' breakfast.

"'Mi's Sykes,' says I, 'I've come over to take breakfast with you, an' if you've any mutton, I want some. I'm powerful fond of it,' says I, 'so please cook a plenty.'

"'Wal, Mi's Sykes, she went to work a-slicin' an' a-fryin o' mutton, an' I told her to keep at it till I said stop, 'cause I wanted a plenty. So she sliced an' fried till she got 'most half a sheep cooked; then I told her she might stop for awhile. She looked skeered, an' with her eyes stickin' out like knots she says:

"'Shorely you can't eat all that mutton, much less wantin' more.'

"'I don't know,' says I, 'I'll see.'

"Wal, when it was all on the table jest ready to set down to, I drew out my old pistol an' p'intin' it at Bob, says to him:

"'Bob, set up thar now an' pitch into that mutton.'

"Bob see I had him an' he turned pale an' began to shake, but one glance into that old pistol barrel settled him, an' he done what I said. He eat, an' eat, an' eat till he'd eat enough for a dozen men; then he stops, lays down his knife an' fork an' looks up at me sort o' pitiful like, say'n':

"'I can't eat no more.'

"'Yes, you kin,' says I. 'Anybody that loves to steal sheep like you do ought to eat a whole one. Eat on,' says I, bringin' the old pistol into line with his face.

"He let into it agin an' for a good bit eat right along. Then he lets up agin, an' looks at me appealin' like, an' says:

"'I jist can't eat no more. I'm plumb chuck full.'

"'Oh, yes, you kin,' says I. 'You ain't half eat yit. You're awful fond o' mutton, I know,' says I, 'an' this is my sheep an' my treat an' I mean for you to have enough once. Go into it again,' says I.

"Wal, sir, I kept the old cuss a-eatin' mutton till he couldn't git another bite down him, an' as fast as he put it in his mouth it run out. I let him quit then, an' told him I wouldn't be hard on him, because it was the first time; but if I ever caught him stealin' sheep from me agin I'd make him eat a whole mutton, if I had to ram it down with a pole."

"Did he ever repeat the offence?" the stranger asked.

"Hardly. He steals sheep from other folks, but he never bothers about mine any more. He knowed I meant what I said, an' you bet he don't want to eat any more mutton at the p'int o' a pistol."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Everything Was All Right.

The major had invited me to go out with him to his plantation, and we were skirting a field where a number of old stumps had been set on fire, when he suddenly stopped, sniffed the air, and enquired:

"Can's yo' smell something roasting yere?"

"Yes, there is a queer smell."

"Smells like a piece of old cowhide thrown into the fire?"

"Yes."

"Smells like that old piece of cowhide had got all frizzled up?"

"Yes. Is anything wrong?"

"Not just yet, but something will be sorter wrong if I don't find that onery nigger who's seeing after these fires. I reckon he's over by the dead tree."

We walked over to the place designated, and there on the ground, lying on the broad of his back, with his hands locked under his neck, was a negro fast asleep. Instead of boots he had rags on, and the rags on both feet were on fire and evidently had been for a long time.

"Boy! Boy! Oh, boy!" called the major as he touched him with his hook.

"Wha—what's de rumpus, Mars Thompson?" stammered the negro as he sat up and looked around.

"Yo' feet are on fire!"

"Shoo! Yo' doan's tell me!"

"Come—stir around or yo'll be laid up."

"Yes, sah—yes, sah—I'se gwine ter be movin' right away, but deir's no cause fur to get excited, Mars Thompson. Dem se feet must a got afire airly dis mawnin, but de fish hain't run worked down frew de first layer o' chilblains yit! Plenty o' time, Mars Thompson—plenty o'time if I doan do nuffin bebo' evenin'!"—*New York Sun.*

Be Exact.

A witness in a recent trial, who had been cautioned to give a precise answer to every question put to him, was interrogated by a blustering counsel as follows:

"You drive a wagon?"

"No, sir, I do not.

"Way, did you not tell my learned friend so just this moment?"

"No, sir."

"Now, I put it to you on your oath. No prevarication, mind. Do you drive a wagon?"

"No, sir."

"Then, for goodness sake, what is your occupation?"

"I drive a horse."

(Laughter, in which all save the blustering counsel joined.)

Jedge Waxem's Political Proverbs.

This silver question is jist about haf politicks and haf finances.

Talkin' is the safety valve for the politikle lagine.

Two big haystax and a crib full of corn is wuth more to a farmer than electin' his man to Congress.

It is usually the way that politicks gits into a man as much as the man gets into politicks, er more.

Gittin' somethin' for nuthin' ain't ever heard of in politikle works.

Politicks is the last resort of wimmen.

The American eagle ain't no more all fuss and feathers than the Briddish lion ain't all mane and nore.

Peace is the grate nashunal fattener.

Boughten votes ain't warranted sound enough to keep.

When a man's party ain't takin' very good keer of him, he gets to thinking sometimes that mebbe the other party ain't so dangerous to the welfair of the nation as he thought it wuz.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Managing a Husband

He—There isn't enough on this breakfast table to feed a canary bird.

She—I know it, my dear; but there are several things I want you to order from the market, and I know you'll forget all about it unless you leave the house hungry.

Literary Criticisms.

Mrs Giddings—I see no reason why a young girl should not read the Kreutzer Sonata.

Mrs. Primmins—Well, I would never let my son marry any girl who had read it.

Mrs. Giddings—Don't worry about that. No girl who had read it would marry your son.

Mistook his Style for Rudyard's

Newly arrived Guest (who stutters)—I—I—I—Clerk—Front! Take Mr. Kipling's baggage and overcoat.

A Useful Collector of Coals

Perhaps the following anecdote may be useful to readers whose houses and gardens abut on railways. An eminent "menagerist" lives in a suburb where forty trains pass his garden every hour. The weather was cold, coals were expensive, for the recent strike was just then at its height. The "menagerist," however, was a man of resource; he conceived a plan for utilizing the forty trains an hour.

From his menagerie in town he brought a large Barbary ape, which unfortunate animal was chained to the top of a pole at the end of the garden. The result was as pleasant as owning a colliery, without any wages to pay or fear of floods and explosions. Every stoker—and occasionally a driver—on every train that passed had a shot with a lump of coal at the Barbary ape. The B. A. was never hit; but the garden was littered with coal, which the "menagerist" triumphantly conveyed to his cellars.

Too Previous

Rowne de Bout—Look here, you sent around to borrow that new black coat of mine last week, and you haven't returned it.

Upson Downes—Great heavens! old man, the wedding season isn't half over yet.

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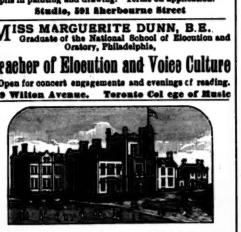

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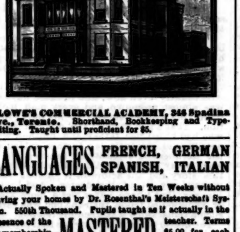

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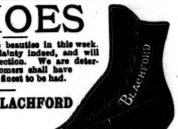

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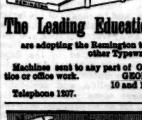

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Music.

(Continued from Page Two.)

tone, and really charming shading. One or two unexpected *contretemps* did not have the effect of lessening the good impression made. Bendall's setting of The Lady of Shalott was carefully sung, excellently rendered solos by Miss Hillary, Mrs. Nicholson and Mrs. Glass being interspersed. Dinah Doe, by Molloy, was as clever a bit of part-singing as was ever heard in Toronto, and served to show the excellent training bestowed upon the chorus by Miss Hillary. The other numbers on the programme, including Mrs. Adamson's violin solos, were well performed. The concert will be repeated on May 31 in aid of St. John's Hospital for Women.

•

Mr. W. S. Jones, who has for some months been acting as organist and choir director of Bond street Congregational Church, was at the last monthly church meeting of that institution confirmed in that position for a year. Mr. Jones is a painstaking worker and may be expected to give a good account of himself.

•

Mr. Harry Field, who is still hard at work in Leipsic, has been meeting with great success lately in his solo piano playing. I have seen recent notices of his efforts in the Leipsic papers, which are unanimous in praising his fine conception, abundant technical ability, elegance of detail, and especially his delicacy of ornamentation. I understand that Mr. Field will return here in August, news that will be welcome to his many admirers.

•

Mr. Tom Hurst, whom everybody knows, is to be made the recipient of a complimentary concert about the end of the month. A more worthy subject for such an enterprise could not be found in Toronto. Obliging, courteous, always willing to help when called on, and on the point of leaving for Old England, his many professional friends are joining to secure him a bumper house.

•

Miss Minnie Gaylord has been singing with great success at Ottawa, where she was associated with Miss Agnes Knox in a recital at the opera house in that city, and later at Peterboro', where she sang with the Philharmonic Society of that city, under the direction of Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge. This young singer is winning golden opinions by her conscientious and careful work, no less than by her sweet and sympathetic voice.

•

The week to come will have for its principal musical event the second concert of this season of the Haslam Vocal Society. These concerts are always interesting, and this one will be made additionally so by the assistance of Mme. Sofia Scalchi, the famous contralto, and of the Schmidt-Herbert string quartette.

•

The following week will be rich in musical incident. The 17th and 18th will bring the Philharmonic Society's performances of Callirhoe and Redemption, rich in choral and orchestral effects. The 19th, I believe, will give us the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Walter Damrosch, while the 20th will be the date of the festival service of the Church Choir Association at St. James' Cathedral.

•

Good work is being done at Notre Dame de Lourdes by its choir under Mr. W. S. O'Connor. Last Sunday they sang Mozart's First Mass, assisted by Oberstler's orchestra, Miss Bessie Bonsall giving an effective rendering of Rossini's O Salutaris in the evening.

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12th. *Ladies* in every section of the country are using the *Mask* with gratifying results.

13th. It is safe, simple, cleanly and effective for beautifying purposes, and never injures the most delicate skin.

14th. While it is intended that the *Mask* should be *Worn During Sleep*, it may be applied WITH EQUALLY GOOD RESULTS, at *Any Time*, to suit the convenience of the wearer.

15th. The *Mask* has received the testimony of well-known scientific and professional ladies, who proclaim it to be the greatest discovery for beautifying purposes ever offered to womankind.

A FEW SPECIMEN EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIAL LETTERS:

"I am so rejoiced at having found at last an article that will indeed improve the complexion."

"Every lady who desires a faultless complexion should be provided with the Mask."

"My face is as soft and as smooth as an infant's."

"I am perfectly delighted with it."

"As a medium for removing discolorations, softening and beautifying the skin, I consider it unequalled."

"It is, indeed, a perfect success—an inestimable pleasure."

"I find that it removes freckles, tan, sunburn, and gives the complexion a soft, smooth surface."

"It does even more than is claimed for it."

"I have worn the Mask but two weeks, and am amazed at the change it has made in my appearance."

"The Mask certainly acts upon the skin with a mild and beneficial result, making it smoother and clearer, and seeming to remove pimples, irritations, etc., with each application."

"Your invention cannot fail to supersede everything that is used for beautifying purposes."

"Those of my sex who desire to secure a pure complexion should have one."

"For bleaching the skin and removing imperfections I know of nothing so good."

"I must tell you how delighted I am with your Toilet Mask; it gives unbounded satisfaction."

"I have worn the Mask but three nights, and the blackheads have all disappeared."

"The Mask should be kept in every lady's toilet case."

"A lady was cured of freckles by eight nights' use of the Mask."

"The improvement in my complexion is truly marvelous."

"After three weeks' use of the Mask the wrinkles have almost disappeared."

"My sisters used one for a spotted skin, and her complexion is all that can be desired."

"I have been relieved of a muddy and greasy complexion, after trying all sorts of cosmetics without success."

"For softening and beautifying the skin there is nothing to compare with it."

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may be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the Toilet Mask. By its use every kind of spots, impurities, roughness, etc., vanishes from the skin, leaving it soft, clear, brilliant and beautiful. It is harmless, costs little and saves its user money. It prevents and REMOVES

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Births.

CROWTHER—May 2, Mrs. James Crowther—a son.
JOHNSON—April 22, Mrs. H. F. Johnson—a son.
NEWELL—May 1, Mrs. J. E. Newell—a son.
SMITH—May 1, Mrs. Charles Smith—a daughter.
GORMALY—April 30, Mrs. Charles A. Gormaly—a son.
ALLEN—April 29, Mrs. J. A. H. Allen—a daughter.
DOYLE—April 27, Mrs. George B. Doyle—a daughter.
THOMSON—April 16, Mrs. John I. Thomson—a daughter.
HUTTON—April 21, Mrs. Maurice Hutton—a daughter.
BRYCE—April 24, Mrs. J. Fraser Bryce—a son.
STRONG—April 16, Mrs. James L. Strong—a son.
ORTON—April 26, Mrs. R. Orton—a son.

Marriages.

ABELL—FRENCH—April —, Robert W. Abell to Mary E. French.
HUESTIS—HAMILTON—April 27, Archibald Morrison Huestis to Florence Gooderham Hamilton.
FORSYTH—JACKSON—April 28, William Forsyth to Agnes M. Jackson.
FOWLER—LINTON—April 30, Ernest Kingsford Fowler to Julia Maud Howard Linton.
BALL—DOW—April 27, Walter Montague Ball to Margaret Georgina Dow.
McCOLL—WELLS—April 27, James D. McColl to Clara Ida Wells.
ROSS—MORROW—April 28, Robert Ross to Priscilla Morrow.
COTTRELL—CHAPMAN—Jan. 5, W. J. Cottrell to Matilda Chapman.
LINDSAY—PICKERD—April 29, William Lindsay to Mary Pickerd.
ROSS—WILKIE—April 16, J. Walter Ross to Agnes Wilkie.
STACKHOUSE—HARRIS—April —, Judson Hildane Stackhouse to Rosa Sherwood Harris.
TYLER—HIRST—April 28, Morgan C. Tyler to Fannie L. Hirst.
MOORE—McPHAIL—April 20, Harry D. Moore to Bessie McPhail.
LAKE—PEARSON—May 2, H G Lake to Jessie Pearson.
BOOTH—TONKIN—May 2 William Booth to Retta Tonkin.

Deaths.

FRASER—April 30, Margaret G. Fraser, aged 56.
FINLAY—May 3, Susannah Finlay, aged 50.
MATHEWS—April 27, William Mathews, aged 71.
JOELIN—May 2, Mary Pomelia Joelin, aged 42.
HOLDEN—May 1, Harriet Mary Holden, aged 28.
SUTHERLAND—May 2, John Sutherland, aged 76.
GOSS—April 27, John Goss, aged 13.
BOOMER—April 30, Charlotte M. Boomer, aged 70.
DUNN—April 30, Louisa Langall Dunn.
MUIR—April 29, Anna Muir, aged 40.
MURPHY—May 1, Anne Elizabeth Murphy, aged 63.
STEWART—April 30, Alexander Baird Stewart, aged 4.
STRICKLAND—April 30, Hannah P. Strickland, aged 57.

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WAGNER—April 30, David Cyril Wagner, aged 1.
HAMMOND—April 30, William Hammond.
WOOD—May 1, Mrs. M. Wood.
WRIGHT—May 1, Charles Wright, aged 80.
CASTELMAINE—April 27, the Baron Castlemaine.
EVANS—April 28, Anne C. Evans.
WILLMOTT—April 27, John T. Willmott, aged 19.
CLEGG—April 27, Sarah Clegg.
MEREDITH—April 18, Paul Featherston Meredith.
McCORMICK—April 24, Thomas McCormick, aged 88.
LAMONT—April 18, Effie Lamont.
CURTIS—May 2, Maria Curtis, aged 24.
GIBBON-STOCHEN—April, Catherine Gibbon-Stochen.
HORNIBROOK—May, Samuel W. Hornibrook, aged 61.

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